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National Catholic Magazine



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By Louise Edna Goeden





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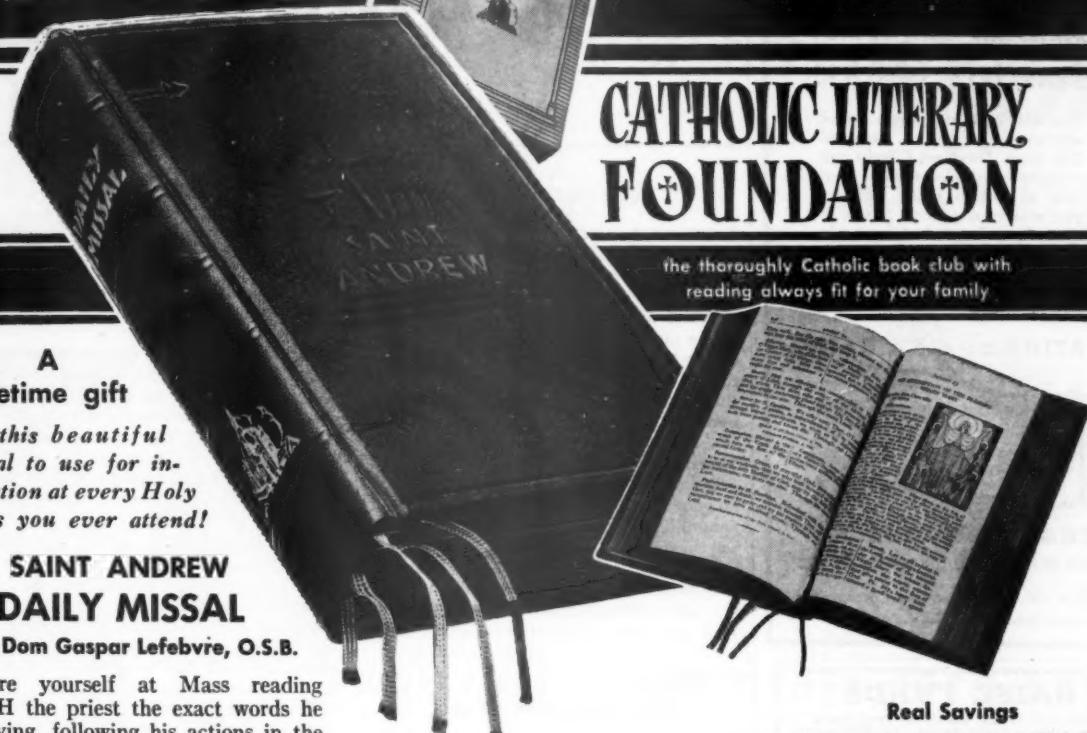
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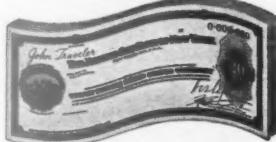
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# LETTERS



### Editorial on Spain

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Kindly permit me to offer congratulations on your timely and pertinent remarks in the September issue of THE SIGN regarding the editorial attitude of the *New York Times* in the matter of the Spanish loan. In a time of world crisis it is both disturbing and disconcerting to find a paper as powerful as the *Times* not only rocking the boat but apparently placing the editor's dislike of Franco above the security of the United States.

But "it is an ill wind that blows nobody no good." The same editorial by implication announced to the world that in any future war between the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. Franco and the Spanish people were the only people in Europe that would fight on our side without being bribed. It would seem the others have already been bribed.

JAMES F. LOUGHIN

Binghamton, N. Y.

### The Arab Near East

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I read with deep interest the article in the September issue, "The Arab Near East," by Charles Malik. Lately I have listened to sessions of the United Nations. They seem determined to enforce their decisions. Yet in the case of Jerusalem (and the decisions were made as far back as 1947) they do nothing to enforce them or help the Arab refugees.

MRS. CLYDE WILLIAMS

Boston, Mass.

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I was so surprised to see the name of Charles Malik on the cover of the September issue—so hurriedly I went through the pages to read his article, "The Arab Near East." Many of my friends of Lebanese extraction read it and were pleased that THE SIGN had articles so educational. We also liked the cedar tree on the cover of the magazine. Thank you.

(MISS) DELIA ASAFA

Boston, Mass.

### Advice

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

A voracious reader of the THE SIGN, my memory failed me when corrective attention was called in two letters in the October issue to the impropriety of the August cover. "What is the subject of this disapproval?" I asked myself. Looking up the August issue I was amused! Be sure to put a dress on your Christmas Infant if you

wish to preserve the subscriptions of two particular (in more ways than one) subscribers.

A FRANCISCAN SISTER

### Prize Stories

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I cannot understand why the judges of the Catholic Press Association should select for the first prize in its short story contest a morbid tale based on mortal sin piled on mortal sin—the suicide of a seventeen-year-old because of his participation in a race riot. Nor can I understand why THE SIGN, a national Catholic magazine, should reprint this story in its pages.

Certainly, neither the judges in the Catholic Press Association's contest nor the editors of THE SIGN would sanction a racy story of sex passion. Yet, suicide is as grisly attractive to the sensitive young as is passion to the sensuous young. Both are immoral. Neither has its place in Catholic fiction produced for consumption in the Catholic home.

MICHAEL G. SULLIVAN

Jamaica, L.I., N. Y.

### A Democrat Protests

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

THE SIGN is forever knocking our President and his Administration. Mr. Truman is doing a clean and wonderful job—taking care of us in the U.S.A.—and should have the support of every decent American. He is for the poor and middle class people, and we have no soup and bread lines like in Hoover's time.

MRS. L. ANDRES

Chicago, Ill.

### Sports

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Congratulations to Don Dunphy upon the clever predictions he made last spring relative to the outcome of the 1950 Major League baseball season.

Without the aid of a Gallup Poll, Mr. Dunphy has done remarkably well. He merits three lusty cheers and a banzai.

FRANK McMILLIN

Toronto, Ont., Canada

### Literary Articles

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Allow me to congratulate you for publishing John E. Dineen's wonderful article about Hilaire Belloc in your September issue. It was a pleasure to learn from this

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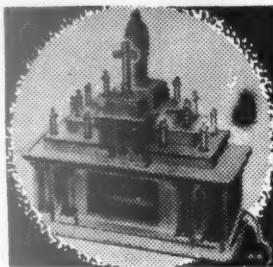
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reliable article that Bellow is not leading a solitary life in a sanitarium as a result of his stroke as I had thought.

I'm afraid that many Catholic readers forget all too quickly the extensive work of this man and Chesterton to foster not only the Catholic Literary Revival but the very faith itself. It was men like these who made easier the tasks of Evelyn Waugh, Graham Greene, and other English Catholic writers of today.

Your magazine is extra enjoyable for me when it contains stories like this about English Catholic literature. Such past articles as "Campion Hall," "Knox, the Cheerful Assassin," and "Nonpareil Novelist" were excellent. I hope you maintain this policy.

BENTON SWEARINGEN

Yonkers, N. Y.

### Science Without God

#### EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

It was good to read in a national magazine such an article as "Science Without God" by Anthony Standen which appeared in your September issue.

EMMIT M. O'CONNER

Chicago, Ill.

### Ambassador to Vatican

#### EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

After reading your editorial entitled "Diplomatic Relations with the Vatican" in the September issue, I have written letters to Secretary of State Acheson, Senators Saltonstall and Lodge, and to Representative Angier Goodwin.

The clamor that has arisen over the proposed appointment by the President of a diplomatic representative to the Vatican is obviously made by insincere persons who are forever hostile to anything pertaining to Catholicism. It seems to me to be more than a coincidence that those persons are only heard from on questions affecting Catholic appointments or matters in which some Catholic country or peoples are concerned. It is regrettable that there is so much apathy among our Catholic people in failing to make their voices heard by those who are supposed to represent them in the nation's affairs and particularly issues affecting them as Catholics. Perhaps through the continued good work of THE SIGN we may become more articulate in the cause of justice and charity.

JOHN A. MACINTYRE

Somerville, Mass.

### Warning about Women

#### EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Often you poor editors bring fire and brimstone down on your heads. Sometimes it is unwittingly, other times knowingly, purposely, and bravely.

In your August issue you deserve all you get. Mr. Boone would not object to your referring to pioneers in the late thirties. Mrs. Boone would. It is an unwritten law as old as Eve never to refer to the age of a woman—after a certain limit. I wonder if the pioneers of the Laywomen's Retreat Movement are still smiling. ("People," August issue.)

(REV.) JOSEPH M. SCANLON

Pofadder, C.P., South Africa

# PILGRIMS of the NIGHT

by Rt. Rev. Msgr.  
Edward E. Swanstrom

Foreword by His Eminence  
Francis Cardinal Spellman

The Fugitives—the ones who fled from Nazis or Soviet persecution—are comparatively lucky; at least they are seen as an international problem and the democracies have made large-scale efforts on their behalf. But the Expelled, the ones who are thrown out of their countries with the acquiescence of the democracies, seem to be nobody's business. Twelve million of them were uprooted from their lands behind the Iron Curtain, shoved into cattle trucks and such, and dumped upon Germany, itself too broken by the war to do more than keep them barely and miserably alive.

These are the Pilgrims of the Night of whom Monsignor Swanstrom writes. There is nothing in history to match the callousness with which we helped to create a problem and then forgot it.

In eight short chapters, illustrated with thirty photographs, the lives of the uprooted are brought before you. You see the faces of the children, the youth, the women, the men, the priests, the Bishops.

The problems of the Expellees are shown through tales of individuals. The overall effect is one of hope, of unbelievable courage.

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## "Baby-Spacing Legend"

### EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Mrs. Mathisen's letter in the July issue was bad enough, but the one from "Continence" in the September issue is more than I can take! Does Mrs. Mathisen think for a minute that a man would write an article like "The Baby-Spacing Legend" if his wife didn't agree wholeheartedly? Not when he has to live with her! Mr. Hartnett probably wrote it because his wife didn't have time.

As for the categories Mrs. Mathisen puts these men (advocates of large families) into, what a pity if these were the only kind of men in the world!

I doubt if any single man would have much to say on this subject, but a lot of them were raised in large families and remember them as happy ones.

"The men who have enough money not to worry" doesn't sound right either, because statistics show that these men have the *least* children, either because their wives are too "smart" or they are too social-minded to be bothered. Personally, I give a lot of credit to the few wives of these men who still live by the Will of God, in spite of their opportunities, have their babies, and love them.

MRS. JOHN K. TWOHIG

Erie, Pa.

### EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

In your September issue there was submitted by "Continence" a letter classifying large families into two categories: result of an irresponsible alcoholic father; and parents who rely on charity, claiming that they afford the opportunity for others to perform corporal works of mercy. How a Catholic can credit such a deplorable and illogical (generalization based upon the particular) classification is beyond common sense and reason. Please remember "Continence" in your prayers.

I am deeply indebted to God that my parents are Catholics who have gratefully submitted to God's Will. It is impossible for one, not of a large family, to realize how much our baby means to mother and dad, brothers and sisters, and especially to Jesus and Mary.

ONE OF TWELVE CHILDREN  
Madison, N. J.

### EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I say amen to Mrs. Doris Mathisen with some added words of my own. I came from a large family (ten living, three dead) and grew up in a small town where such families were the rule, not exception, and I believe the disadvantages far outweigh the advantages (if any).

Ask my mother who was not able to afford help and had one baby after another, always tired, and never enjoying life, with a twenty-hour workday, what she thinks. Ask any of the older children who had to give up play hours to pitch in and help if they care what Drs. So and So say, it's so much healthier, they should have a baby every year.

We've come out of the Dark Ages as far as working hours for men are concerned and have child labor laws, so

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**ABSTOLUTON:** A Latin word which means to free from. It is the remission of sin, or the punishment due to sin, which the priest gives when administering the sacrament of Penance.

**APOSTLES' CREED:** A prayer which contains a summary of the principal truths, or doctrines, taught by the Apostles, and which was mainly composed by them.

**BENEDICTION:** 1. The act of blessing with the sign of the cross performed by the clergy. 2. The name of the service when the Blessed Sacrament, after it has been exposed in the ostensorium, is adored by prayer and incensing; after which the priest raises the Sacred Host and blesses the people with it.

**BREVIARY:** A book containing the prayers which must be said each day by every subdeacon, deacon, and priest.

**CATECHISM:** A manual or guide for instruction in the Roman Catholic faith which employs the question-and-answer method.

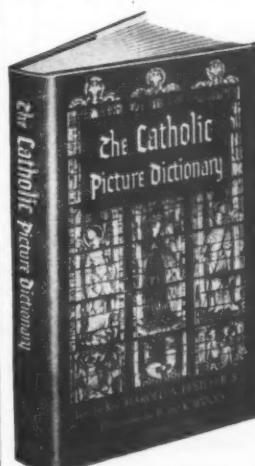
**GLORIA:** The prayer, "Gloria in excelsis Deo!"—Glory to God in the highest" which is either said or sung in praise of Almighty God during Mass immediately before the Collect.

**EXTREME UNCTION:** The Sacrament of the dying at which the priest anoints the sick person and prays for his recovery or eternal salvation in the event of death. It absolves sin and confers Sanctifying Grace.

**HOLY TRINITY:** The three persons: Father, Son and Holy Spirit, in one God.

**HOLY WATER:** A sacramental. Water blessed by the priest to which blessed salt has been added.

**MADONNA:** The Italian word for mother which refers to our Blessed Lady when she is pictured with the Infant Jesus.



**MISSA CANTATA:** The Latin name for the High Mass. It means "Sung Mass."

**MONSTRANCE:** A metal cross having a hollow center in which the Sacred Host is placed. It differs from other crosses in having a sunburst design and being mounted on a base, so that it can stand erect. The monstrance is used for Exposition, Benediction, and in processions of the Blessed Sacrament. Also called ostensorium.

**ORDINATION:** The ceremony in which Holy Orders are given to men deemed worthy to receive them. The conferring of the sacrament of Holy Orders.

**PREDELLA:** The platform on which the priest stands before the altar at Mass. Also called the Footpace.

**SANCTUARY:** The place in the church where the main altar stands and which is separated from the rest of the church by a screen or partition.

**SCAPULAR:** The name comes from the Latin word, scapula, which means—shoulder blade. 1. As worn by monastic orders, it is a piece of cloth about the width of the shoulders and long enough to reach to the ankles both front and back when worn over the shoulders. It covers the front and back of the habit. 2. A sacramental of the Church and badge of a member of a confraternity. It is a scapular consisting of small pieces of cloth connected by tape, each having some sacred picture or emblem on it. It is worn over the shoulders and breast to show that the wearer belongs to the Confraternity of the Scapular.

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how about giving women a break and stop the nonsense about big families being so grand.

MRS. JOHN J. JASON  
Pittsburgh, Pa.

**Editors' Note:** For several months we have printed letters, both pro and con, on the article, "The Baby-Spacing Legend." We consider the discussion closed with this issue. Letters on more current articles must be given space.

#### Soviet Dilemma

##### EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

A little note to thank you for your editorial, "The Soviet Dilemma," which appeared in the September issue. You mentioned in it the ostracism of Spain by our country and others.

It is in all truth a fact that those who try to endeavor to understand this policy thoroughly would need a postgraduate course in the college of fumble-mindedness.

It would also require much study in the course of double talk and double-dealing. Seriously, there is no justifiable reason why Spain should not be recognized. The leaders of our country have done nothing more than put it in the worst condition it has ever been in in its existence.

JOHN S. WHITTLE  
Covington, Ky.

#### Commendation

##### EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

For a long time now I've been intending to tell you how much I enjoy THE SIGN. Its standard of writing, especially its non-fiction, is top notch. Thank you particularly for giving labor "a break." It means a great deal for a Catholic magazine to give practical support to the message of the encyclicals by openly commanding various programs of labor organizations.

The October issue seems to have many letters protesting the picture of the child on the cover of a recent issue. Here's one reader who thought the picture very lovely. Some strain of left-over Puritanism or Jansenism must lie beneath the protests. What would the protesters do with the masterpieces, revered for centuries, in which the Holy Child is depicted without raiment?

At any rate, thanks again for a very interesting and enlightening magazine.

(MRS.) MARGARET M. STARKEY  
Forest Hills, N. Y.

#### Letters

##### EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

So A.E.R. Schneider thinks all the laboring class is as Father George Burns of England describes them (September issue). I don't know about the English, but as one of the laboring class of this country I know manufacturers—and I believe A.E.R. Schneider is one of them. His letter certainly sounds like it.

There is no limit to what is expected of working people. This includes everything—working hours, working conditions, and pay. I know from years of experience, and anyone who knows the truth will agree with me. If A.E.R. Schneider would live up to his part of the Papal encyclical on labor, he would find it really works for both sides.

C. FOLEY

Philadelphia, Pa.

THE SIGN

# The Sign

NATIONAL CATHOLIC  
MAGAZINE

Monastery Place, Union City, N. J.

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*Cover Photo by Tim Dowling*

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# Editor's page

## An Examination of Conscience

WE HAVE been living under the threat of war for some time now. Since Korea we have become acutely aware of it. Enough time has passed to make worthwhile a little examination of conscience to probe into our reactions to war and the threat of war. As in any examination of conscience, we are looking for the bad rather than the good, so the picture may appear a little on the dark side.

If you were to listen to the Greens, the Murays, and the Lewis', you would think that labor's conscience is perfectly clear. It isn't. In spite of the dire threat under which we all live, there have been strikes and threats of strikes, a clamor for higher wages, shorter working hours, more benefits, and greater security. While our enemies work sixty hours a week for a wretched pittance in order to create a military machine to destroy us, some of our labor leaders are still engaged in building Utopia. In this dreamland of theirs, it is even possible to clamp a lid on prices while allowing wages to soar freely.

Businessmen aren't exactly perfect either—even when they are in their most self-righteous pose, pointing an accusing finger at union labor. They want business as usual—or rather, better than usual. Almost as soon as the first shots had been fired in Korea, prices were marked up, before any possible economic cause could have produced such an effect. Corporations that were making more money than ever before suddenly found that their profit margin was too small. The public was told that raised prices were caused by increased costs of material and labor. As a matter of fact, the materials they were using were from existing stockpiles, and labor leaders hadn't even had time as yet to formulate new wage demands. Now some companies are holding back goods which they think will bring better prices later and are hoarding skilled labor lest it be diverted from private profit to defense industries. And while our boys are dying in Korea some of these great patriots denounce an excess profits tax as an invasion of their sacred rights.

We Americans in general aren't any better.

In fact we may be worse. In explaining the present world situation, we talk a lot about Yalta, Potsdam, postwar disarmament, Russian aggression, the failure of the U.N. etc. We seldom hear that the Reds might, like Attila of old, be the scourge of God, sent to chastise us for our sins. We refuse to look beneath the surface, into the dark subterranean passages of our domestic and public life. If we probed into this filthy mass, we would find every vice known to pagan Rome, and more besides: greed, selfishness, adultery, abortion, divorce, birth control, infanticide, injustice, irreligion, murder, and the whole long litany of sins. Many have come to accept them under new and respectable names, but they are still the evils which have called down God's vengeance in the past and may do it again in our own day.

WE ARE in one of the most dangerous periods of our national history. We are threatened with war by a powerful totalitarian state which aims at conquering us and enslaving the minds of our children and our children's children. This threat is greater than that which menaced Christian Europe when the Moslems crossed the Pyrenees into France or were knocking at the gates of Vienna. If we lose this war we lose, for ourselves and our children, our greatest and most precious possessions.

Yet we can lose this war. We can deserve to lose it. Perhaps the measure of our iniquities is already filled. At least it is high time that as Christians we did something more than rely on our technical know-how, our natural resources, and our military power. We should make a truly heroic effort to reform the evil of our ways lest the stench of our sinful lives bring down God's wrath on our heads; we should pray on bended knees that God may strengthen us for the battles ahead.

*Father Ralph Gorman, C.P.*

# Current



# Fact and Comment

## EDITORIALS IN PICTURES AND IN PRINT



Acme photos

**Our prayers for peace should be joined with prayers for our fighting men who are suffering and dying to preserve it. This picture shows a weary GI back from the front.**



**French High Commissioner inspects Indo-China troops. This little country, already torn by internal strife, may soon become another Korea—whenever "Peaceful Joe" decides.**

This year, on the vigil of the Feast of All Saints, the whole Catholic world will rejoice. For on that day the Queen of Saints will receive new homage. The Vicar of Christ on earth

will solemnly define as a matter of faith that the body of God's Mother was not allowed to see corruption after her death but was reunited with her soul and

assumed into Heaven. Not that the doctrine is new. It's not. At no time in the history of the Church was there a period in which this doctrine was not believed. In fact, the Feast of Our Lady's Assumption is probably the oldest of all her feasts. So old is it that those heretics of long ago, the Nestorians and the Monophysites, the Armenians and the Ethiopians, when they packed their bags and left the Church took with them the Feast of the Assumption. Unlike heretics of a much later day, they did not jettison all revealed truth that had to do with Mary.

Though the doctrine is not new, still the infallible declaration that Mary's Assumption is a revealed truth gives new homage to the Queen of Heaven. For it focuses the eyes of all men on the glory that is hers and removes from their minds any grounds for wondering or questioning.

Solemn definition of a revealed truth of religion is not an idle act having no reference to current needs. Perhaps never before in Christian times has the human body been so degraded, the dignity of the human person so belittled. The aftermath of World War II has left even to this day millions in slave labor, millions of uprooted strangers driven from their homes in lands like Germany and Palestine, India and Korea. Their life or their death would seem to be of small importance in the world today. But then when the bodies of men and women are debauched by the folly of war and the lusts of a neopagan civilization, the reason always lies deeper. Humanity becomes cheap only when its spiritual worth is denied. And that is the special badge of our age—denial of the spiritual.

Like a lightning bolt that suddenly cuts the darkness of night, and things that were hidden can now be seen, this definition of Mary's Assumption rivets the eyes of men on two facts that seem to have been quite lost sight of in the darkness.

The first, man is destined for Heaven.

The second, this body of ours will be reunited with our soul and will live for all eternity.

It may be that the Anglican Archbishops of Canterbury and York and the presiding bishop of the U.S. Protestant Episcopal Church, Bishop Henry Knox Sherrill, are genuinely sincere in their widely publicized fear that the definition of the dogma of the Assumption will cause further division between Roman Catholics and the heretical sects. One can well understand and sympathize with the sense of frustration they must feel, left on a branch to wither, knowing well that in being cut off from the trunk of truth they have



The evil of Communism causes brother to kill brother. This little Korean girl, comforted by a Marine, was hit by Red gunfire. The Red who hurt her—a Korean like herself.



U.N. effectiveness can be destroyed by small as well as big nations. Iraqi delegate, Fadhl Al-Jamali, above, insists that Israel, too, abide by U.N. directives. Why not?



This American GI in Korea died as the Padre administered Sacrament of Extreme Unction. Holy Mother Church sends her priests to the wars to keep Christ with her sons.

lost both the fullness of divine revelation and the infallible guidance of Christ's Vicar.

Though we may and should feel sadness for our bewildered brethren who have lost not only this doctrine on our Lady's Assumption but so many other revealed doctrines as well, still the main emotion in every Catholic heart should be one of joy. For Mary's Assumption into Heaven is the exemplar and the pledge that one day we too shall be assumed into Heaven, body and soul. So shining a truth makes all the lesser goals of life seem tawdry indeed.

Secretary Dean Acheson, come hell or highwater, seems bound to have his way in the Far East. Together with Secretary of Defense Marshall, he scuttled the Chinese Nationalist

Government on the Chinese mainland and handed the millions of Chinese over to the Red "agrarians." As George Sokolsky put it: "In Europe he supported governments in Greece and Turkey which are no better and no worse than the Government of Nationalist China. The bad was accepted with the good on the assumption that it was to our interest. In China, he demanded such purity as cannot be found on the New York police force, much less in Kansas City."

Now Mr. Acheson is putting the status of Formosa before the United Nations, even though one of the permanent members of the Security Council and our long-time ally now has its seat of government on Formosa—an island belonging to it by solemn United States agreement as declared in Cairo not so long ago, when another war was on and Chinese friendship was wooed.

One cannot help wondering if the assertion of the pundits is not true, namely, that Mr. Acheson is still desirous of admitting Red China to the United Nations once he can promote its cause with dignity and a semblance of justice, is still desirous even of extending diplomatic recognition to this Asiatic satellite.

One cannot help wondering how many mistakes of policy can this man make and suffer no reprisal. Must we wait until all Asia comes tumbling down, the meanwhile he continues to court a fickle India more concerned with a Peiping-New Delhi-Moscow *entente cordiale* than with the collective will of the United Nations?

Come to think of it, isn't it about time Mr. Acheson stated for the record just what his Asiatic policy is? Americans would like to know.

These are the days that will prove whether the United Nations can and should continue to exist as an organization in its present form. Television and radio have brought the goings on in Flushing Meadow to the attention of millions of Americans who are wondering seriously if this much-heralded hope of the world can ever

Korean Aggression  
a Test for the UN

really graduate from its debating-society status. The peace of the world is at stake, and what we see is the spectacle of an assembly whose purpose is to safeguard peace being bluffed by the Russians.

The average American whose son or brother or cousin or neighbor has been sucked into the Korean maelstrom will be pardoned if he fails to grasp the political complexities and the diplomatic niceties. There are questions he wants to see answered. Precisely who is to blame for starting the Korean war? Who has supplied the North Korean forces with arms? Who is guilty of ordering the atrocities on captives and Korean civilians? If all the questions come home ultimately to the doorstep of the Kremlin for the answers, what is the UN going to do about it? Will it indict Russia, will it dare

to challenge the Soviet right to sit in the United Nations without purging itself of its crimes? This is the test facing the UN, and if it fails to live up to what is expected of it, then the friends and relatives of the more than twenty thousand American casualties in Korea will make their disillusionment heard. The contagion of disgust will spread. And the UN will be finished.

Americans thrilled to the decisive action of the United Nations last June when it quickly responded to the Korean war. Americans rallied as never before in backing the UN. But the days of sickening dragging of feet before the UN got courage enough to tell MacArthur to cross the imaginary line called the 38th parallel disheartened all too many observers. Not that the UN possessed a monopoly of blame. The fact did not escape the watching American citizen that an ominous silence lay over the State Department, the same department that was so quick to prod the UN in June.

If the Korean war's end is not to coincide with the date of the UN's demise, then it is not enough for the Assembly to appoint a commission to nurse democratic elections throughout the country and assist in rehabilitating the government. Necessary as that is, it is just as necessary to set up a UN commission to inquire into the facts of the Korean aggression and make these facts known to the whole world. Instead of mollifying Russia and seeking to seat Red China on the Security Council, the grim determination of the United Nations should be to prove that aggression does not pay. If Russia and Red China get away without being unmasked, then the UN might just as well buy a plot in the cemetery next to the grave of the League of Nations. For it too will have died of the same disease as the League—paralysis in the promotion of peace.

We hear that scientists are organizing to obtain special consideration in the draft. They feel they deserve a preferred screening to make sure that their technical skill is invested

where it will count most. We fear, however, that this project will be just another lobby, an attempt to skim some professional heart-balm from the

rather thin juices of war—about as altruistic as a rabbit's interest in a kitchen garden.

Having more than a bowing acquaintance with human nature and the ways of organizations, we suspect that the object of this one is not to put scientists into mudholes at the front when superior engineering is needed in the mudholes, but to park them in white collar jobs at home.

Since democracy, as we know it, is a bitter struggle between lobbies for special privilege, we must sound a warning. Watch out, you plumbers and brakemen, you hodcarriers and soda-jerks. You had better organize too. Or else you will be dodging mortar fire in Korea, while some technical school grad who spends eight quiet hours a day observing the reactions of mice to modern music will be taking your best girl out to the local movie at night.

What makes this scientific immodesty possible is the pleasant illusion among scientists that they are more intelligent than other groups. They are convinced that their superior brain power is a precious national asset, like uranium, and should be stockpiled in some safe place. It should not be toted around the front under a GI helmet as a common target for Red snipers.

This, of course, is nonsense. Nothing but the grossest superstition on the part of the public has permitted scientists to get away with this pretense.

They have, as a group, exactly as much brains as any other educated group. But they are specialists. And like a great many specialists, many of them have never been able to get on top of their information. Information has oozed down



N.C.W.C. photo

While Red delegates brazenly discuss peace at the U.N., young and old flee Soviet aggression. Above, a 3-year-old and a 99-year-old friend arrive here through N.C.W.C.



Harris & Ewing

S. Rogozinski, above, resigned from Red-dominated Polish Embassy and seeks asylum in U.S. His country, like Korea, has been invaded, but Poland has no U.N. forces to aid her.



Acme

Catholics in England jam Wembley Stadium to celebrate return of the Catholic Hierarchy one hundred years ago. Another reminder that persecutors die but the Church remains.



International photos

Louis Budenz, former Communist editor and now a teacher at Fordham U., leaves Washington once more after testifying against Reds. His courage commands our admiration.



Jesting on the President's remark, Wm. Ferrigino, Marine in Korea, wears a badge: "Harry's Chief of Police." It's comforting to have "cops" who can beat Stalin's henchmen.

over their eyes like shampoo lather, disturbing their perspective so that they cannot get a square look at some of the simplest facts of life.

As an instance of this we refer you to the trash that has appeared in scientific publications about modern computing machines, popularly called "mechanical brains." Some of the writers apparently believe that these glorified adding machines actually think. But not the scrub woman who mops the lab floor and empties the refuse cans at night. She knows better.

There is a nice question of functional priority here too. The scientists who want special processing in the draft imply that scientists are more important to society than other citizen groups.

Are they? Has the man who knows all about a frog's insides a more inspiring message than the little schoolmarm who teaches American ideals to teen-agers? Is it a greater social service to defend a theory about the origin of cosmic rays than to defend a man's civil rights in a court of law? Is the father of a hypothesis more wonderful than the father of a child?

We could make a long litany of this; and in many cases the average citizen, answering to the challenge, would deny priority to the scientist.

Who in the world is a scientist anyway?

A fellow who bands lobsters to see how far from home they gallivant? Or a naturalist who takes a woodland census to determine for the world the approximate number of grouse in Connecticut? Or an entomologist who goes poking around with a camera, filming the flight characteristics of the common mosquito? Would these citizens qualify as scientists, while scientists are qualifying for exemption from combat duty?

These are questions which must be answered realistically if we ever get down to the business of debating the appropriate wartime status of the scientific fraternity.

It seems to us that, in asking for special handling, scientists can ask too much—which would be asking for trouble.

Imagine the depth of sympathetic understanding with which a young accountant would say good-by to his wife and four kiddies, knowing that the bachelor psychologist next door is staying home to comment on the Kinsey Report.

Or take an ex-milkman stalking tanks with a bazooka. He might be hard to convince, too. He might stubbornly consider that digging up Aztec crockery in Mexico is as expendable an enterprise as driving a milk wagon.

Of course, for the nonscientist there is another way out besides counter-organization. If you can't lick them, join them. Get a pad and pencil, and interview the co-eds at Columbia as to whether those who like to lap up a few cocktails get more dates than those who don't. That has been done elsewhere and has passed as science.

Or buy a couple of white rats, scare the deuce out of them, and write a report about it. That has been done too.

But the best method, we think, is to process scientists through the local draft boards, with as few variations from standard routine as possible. If the casualty lists are going to include clerks and truck drivers and bricklayers and doctors and ministers of religion, there is no reason why scientists should be rated too precious to march in this company of heroes. When the survivors are counted at the finish, it will be no cause for wild congratulation to find a higher ratio of scientists than of plain honest men.

Our opinion comes to this: We see two reasons against treating scientists as aristocrats in the matter of combat duty. One is that they are not aristocrats, mentally, morally, or pariotically. They are average men, no more important, honorable, or clever than the rest.

The second reason is that such technolatry would be another violation of the democratic formula which suffers too many stresses and strains already.

# Red Fronts Falling

**Red fronts are falling, but  
the Commies are still fighting  
to keep their influence  
in radio and TV**

**by VINCENT W. HARTNETT**

**I**N October, 1949, there appeared in THE SIGN the since-famous article, "Red Fronts in Radio," the first published exposé of the Communist conspiracy to capture or "colonize" radio and television broadcasting. Widely reprinted and circulated, "Red Fronts" not only aroused intense public interest, but also inspired countless readers to phone, wire, and write sponsors, protesting the use of Communist and pro-Communist "talent" on their programs.

Added to the intensive spadework already done by groups such as the American Legion and the Catholic War Veterans, "Red Fronts" initiated a series of earthquakes in the broadcasting industry. At long last, industry executives began to have some awareness of the Red Fascist plot to secure control of broadcasting as an essential weapon for future use in the "revolution." Advertising executives began to realize how scores of the most famous people in the industry had been used in furtherance of this anti-American conspiracy. In the face of mounting public pressure, sponsors began to drop from their programs

those with Communist or pro-Communist records. "Why should we pay our own gravediggers?" they very properly asked.

It was of course impossible for this writer to give within the scope of one short article complete details of the Red underground organization or "apparatus" in radio and television. Obviously, the public and the broadcasting industry needed far more information, backed by documented evidence. So the writer conceived the idea of a handbook which would describe the Red "apparatus" at greater length, and then show with precise documentation how a substantial number of radio and TV notables had been influenced by it. *Red Channels* was the result—a handbook of 213 pages, listing 151 names.

Many have falsely assumed that *Red Channels* was solely the work of its publishers, who also publish *Counter-attack*, the weekly newsletter of facts to combat Communism. That assumption was incorrect. Although the *Counter-attack* staff did a considerable portion of the research incorporated in *Red*

*Channels* and also edited the book, *Red Channels* actually originated within the broadcasting industry itself. For years a group of radio and TV notables had been fighting Communism. They felt that it was the American way for the industry to handle this problem itself, rather than call on the federal government to do it.

This group within the broadcasting field made available to the writer a master file they had compiled on hundreds of individuals affiliated with the Communist Party or its front organizations. Other data from many reliable sources, plus an introduction explaining the Red "apparatus," was added by the writer.

Although *Red Channels* was published on June 22, 1950, three days before the Communist invasion of South Korea, it did not attain nation-wide recognition until the famous "Jean Muir incident."

On Friday, August 25, 1950, a left-wing New York newspaper revealed that Jean Muir would play the part of Mrs. Aldrich, "the typical American mother," in the popular TV series, "The Aldrich



*Jean Muir. Her firing has been made a test case*

Family," which was to premiere for the fall season the following Sunday. This announcement stunned many, since Miss Muir's name had for years been linked with Communist fronts. In addition, the part of Mrs. Aldrich had been played the preceding season by a competent and experienced actress, Lois Wilson, an outspoken foe of Communism.

The news of this sudden maneuver was immediately communicated to officers of organizations such as the American Legion, the American Jewish League Against Communism, the Catholic War Veterans, and the Te Deum International. Immediate and strenuous protests to General Foods Corporation, sponsor of "The Aldrich Family," resulted. The protesters referred executives of General Foods and of the National Broadcasting Company to Jean Muir's Communist-front record, as published in *Red Channels*. With dramatic decisiveness, General Foods canceled the entire premiere of "Aldrich Family." Subsequently, the company dropped Jean Muir from the cast.

The company was well within its rights in doing this. The age-old law of show business is "play or pay." General Foods elected to pay off Miss Muir in full for her eighteen-week contract, at an estimated cost of \$10,000. "It is the established policy of this company not to use controversial figures in its advertising," General Foods explained. Only the naive or the biased could have assumed that executives of this giant corporation took such a drastic step without first satisfying themselves that the charges against Miss Muir were well founded.

But some were undeniably biased. Communists and fellow travelers, stung by the dismissal of a dozen or more leading Reds and pro-Reds from commercial radio and TV programs within the past year, reacted like the devil in the presence of holy water. They knew well that the position taken by General Foods, if let go unchallenged, would become a precedent for the entire industry. With few exceptions, sponsors would drop those with Communist or substantial Communist-front records.

Such a trend would topple the Communist "apparatus" painstakingly organized during the past twelve years. The Communist conspiracy would be deprived of the vast sums it had been obtaining from party members and "fronters" in the form of dues and contributions. Virtually no stars would prejudice their careers by openly sponsoring Communist causes and fronts. It was

even probable that numerous "concealed" Commies who held key positions in the industry would be uncovered and fired. This was already happening at the Columbia Broadcasting System.

Accordingly, the Communists and their "reliables" (who number about ten to every one actual party member) determined to make a test case out of the firing of Jean Muir. Pending a directive from the Kremlin (which was not actually published in the party press until October 1), the so-called Cultural Division of the Communist Party, under



Gypsy Rose  
Lee, who was  
once known  
as "Our  
Very Own"

whose supervision the infiltration of broadcasting was initiated about 1937 and stepped up in 1948, began to organize an all-out fight against *Red Channels*, *Counterattack*, and what was termed "the blacklisting of individuals on the basis of their political beliefs or unsubstantiated charges"—meaning the refusal by sponsors to hire those who demonstrably were affiliated with the Communist conspiracy to undermine our democratic government.

Personal motives also entered into the "Jean Muir incident." Miss Muir's husband happened to be Henry Jaffe, attorney for the American Federation of Radio Artists (AFRA) and other theatrical talent unions. Mr. Jaffe's influence is great in show business. He also has a powerful family connection reaching into the publishing field.

It is noted that "The Aldrich Family," although created by the anti-Communist Clifford Goldsmith, is "packaged" or commercially represented and produced by Stellar Enterprises, a subsidiary of the William Morris Agency, mammoth talent agency with roots in every phase of the theatrical and publishing worlds. "William Morris, Jr." was a sponsor of a congress of the National Council of American-Soviet Friendship in 1948, according to records of the House Un-American Activities Committee. In 1948 and 1949, "William Morris, Jr." was a vice-chairman of the NCASF, according to official letterheads. NCASF has been

cited as subversive and Communist by the Attorney General of the United States. "William Morris, Jr." has also been linked with other Communist fronts, including the Veterans of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade, likewise cited as subversive. William Morris, Jr. and Henry Jaffe are good friends. These facts are simply recorded in the interests of complete reporting. No implication is made or intended.

The enemies of *Red Channels* and friends of Miss Muir were able to rally extraordinarily powerful forces on their side. Even the Hon. J. Howard McGrath, Attorney General of the United States, verbally blasted "vigilante groups who . . . intimidate radio advertisers into silencing performers who they say have Communist leanings." This attack came strangely from the head of the Department of Justice, whose FBI Director, J. Edgar Hoover, had repeatedly warned the broadcasting industry of the danger of Communist infiltration and whose files must contain much more data on Miss Muir's Communist-front background than was published in *Red Channels*.

No doubt Henry Jaffe, Miss Muir's husband, was telling the truth when he said at an AFRA meeting that 166 American newspapers and one Paris journal had written in Jean Muir's defense. *The Daily Worker* and the New York *Daily Compass*, naturally enough, began to froth at the mouth. What was somewhat surprising was the way in which New York newspapers like the *Times*, *Herald Tribune*, and *Post* took up her case and berated *Red Channels*, those who had protested against Miss Muir, and General Foods for firing her.

*The New York Times*, while affording considerable space in its news and letters columns to Miss Muir's defense, refused to publish letters, press releases, and photographic exhibits from this writer, substantiating the case against her. *The Herald Tribune* followed a similar course. *The New York Post*, edited by former Communist-front stalwart James Wechsler, probably devoted more space than any other newspaper to defending Miss Muir and attacking *Red Channels* and its publishers.

Of course, by no means all the newspapers which attacked *Red Channels* are under Communist domination. Some are edited by "liberals" who instinctively take the side of anyone accused of Communism or pro-Communism, fearing what they call a "witch hunt." Others are edited by men who depend for their information on news services which are not always unbiased. Still others are controlled by those who subscribe to a theory propounded by a prominent editor who contacted fellow editors in be-

VINCENT W. HARTNETT, now an independent radio and television producer, was formerly assistant to the Executive Producer, Phillips H. Lord, Inc. He is co-author of "Red Channels."

half of Miss Muir: "what enables terror to subject a whole population is the possibility of persuading a nation to permit tyranny to put one or another group outside the community."

Those who hold this theory feel-wrongly, this writer believes—that no effective disapproval should be meted out to Communists and pro-Communists today, lest the same treatment be applied to another "minority group" tomorrow. Probably no argument could convince such individuals that effective anti-Communism need not, and should not, lead to Fascism.

Very much the same line of thought is held by the dominant faction in the American Civil Liberties Union, which sonorously announced an "investigation" of *Red Channels* and its publishers. This faction usually seems to bleed only when a Communist or pro-Communist is wounded. The ACLU has gone to great lengths to emphasize the civil rights of Communists and fellow travelers, while giving little attention to the right of plain Joe Doakes to express disapproval of such individuals, and to the right of companies like General Foods to hire those who can best sell its products.

All of the attacks against "Red Fronts," THE SIGN, *Red Channels*, the American Legion, the American Jewish League Against Communism, the Catholic War Veterans, and others exposing and fighting Communism take the form of a "smear." Those who protest the employment of Communists and Communist-fronters on radio and TV shows are labeled "witch-hunters," "reactionaries," "irresponsible," and so on. *Red Channels* is called "a rag," "a smear

Take the case of Jean Muir, since the Commies wish to make a test case out of it.

Miss Muir initially admitted past affiliation with only two of the nine Communist fronts or causes listed under her name in *Red Channels*: Southern Conference for Human Welfare and Congress of American Women, from which she claimed to have resigned in 1946. She later was reported to have admitted sending a cable of congratulations to the Moscow Art Theatre, making a total of three admissions.

THE fact is the record as published in *Red Channels* stands intact. "Jean Muir" was a sponsor of Artists' Front to Win the War, according to their official program and a U.S. Government report. She was listed as an "available speaker" by International Workers Order, cited by the Attorney General as "one of the strongest Communist organizations." She was affiliated in one way or another with the Progressive Citizens of America, according to their official literature. She was a "local sponsor" of the Spanish Refugee Relief Campaign, cited as subversive and Communist, according to their official letterhead. Miss Muir claims they used her name without her authorization. But *The Daily Worker* of May 11, 1939 carried her picture painting a portrait of the notorious pro-Communist Rockwell Kent, "for the benefit of veterans of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade."

Miss Muir claims she never heard of the pro-Stalinist magazine, *Negro Quarterly*, of which she was listed as a sponsor. The fact is that her name appears as an incorporating director of the company which published this periodical!

She claims to have written a letter of resignation to the Congress of American Women in 1946. But she has not produced a copy of this alleged letter. And CAW literature as late as February 1949 named her as a vice-president of this subversive, Communist organization.

She claims that former Congressman Martin Dies cleared her of the charge of membership in the Communist party which had been made against her in sworn testimony by a former Communist official. The records of the Dies Committee reveal no such clearance, after a diligent search. *Red Channels* meticulously gave its source for the charge. Miss Muir hasn't substantiated in any way her claim of clearance.

On the record, was Miss Muir a good choice to play the part of "the typical American mother"? Or were those TV fans who protested both logical and patriotic?

In addition to Jean Muir, other entertainers who have denied or tried to whittle down their Communist-front

records as published in *Red Channels* have included Hazel Scott and Gypsy Rose Lee. The fact is that these individuals were used by the Communist conspiracy, with or without their full knowledge. The possibility of naivete on the part of entertainers was fully emphasized in *Red Channels*. What *Red Channels* did not say was that each of

Hazel Scott,  
who now  
denies her  
past record



these two (and Jean Muir) had more reported Communist-front affiliations than were included in the book. Miss Scott had at least ten more. Miss Lee, though she gave a sworn affidavit of anti-Communism to the American Broadcasting Company, was called "Our very own" by the Young Communist League in 1939.

Readers of THE SIGN can play an important role in insuring that the Red fronts in radio, which are now tottering, really fall. The Jean Muir case has been made a test case. Thus far, General Foods has stood its ground and refused to rehire Miss Muir, in the face of almost incredible pressure. A call has gone out for 20,000 letters condemning General Foods and pressuring them to take Miss Muir back. If you think General Foods was right and should stand its ground, why not write them and tell them so? (Mr. Clarence Francis, Chairman, General Foods Corp., 250 Park Ave., New York 17, N.Y.)

As Sen. Karl E. Mundt said in his statement in praise of *Red Channels*, read into the *Congressional Record* on September 19th:

"We are still free enough so that we can write a letter, send a telegram, or put in a long distance telephone call advising the sponsors and purveyors of programs utilizing talent which is ashamed of its Americanism or affiliated with Communism that we will refuse to buy their products or attend their theatres or listen to their broadcasts or to tune in their television shows."

Your vigilance and your letter-writing have helped start a trend for the better in broadcasting. Keep on the job!

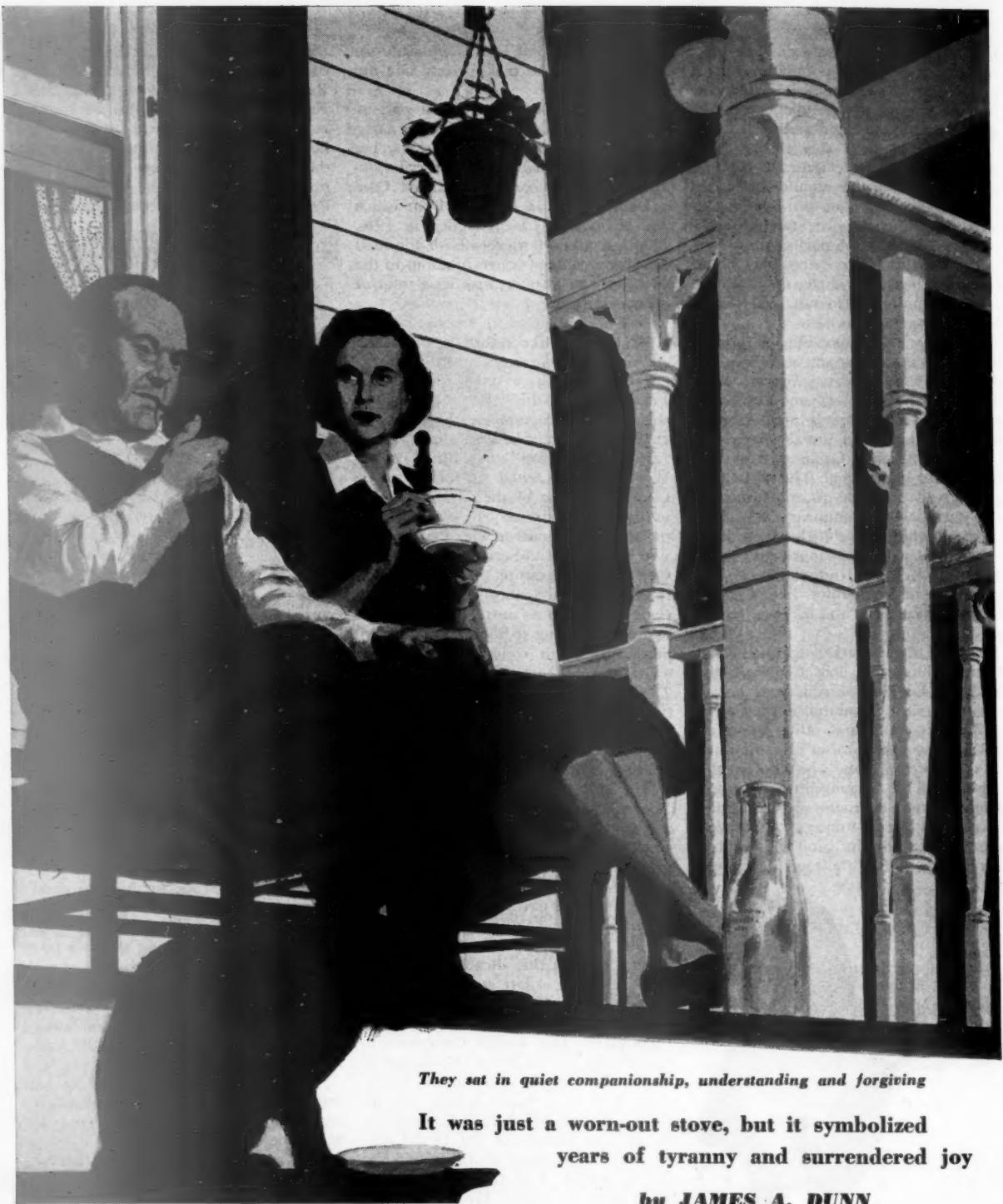


Henry Jaffe,  
lawyer, husband  
of actress  
Jean Muir

sheet," "a blacklist," "a private publication," etc. It is hinted that the American Legion and other veterans' organizations have strong Fascist tendencies.

Only one thing the critics of *Red Channels* have not done:

They have not shown a single error of fact in this fact-cramped book of 213 pages!



*They sat in quiet companionship, understanding and forgiving*

**It was just a worn-out stove, but it symbolized  
years of tyranny and surrendered joy**

**by JAMES A. DUNN**

ELLEN sat drinking her second cup of coffee. She enjoyed the peace of this after-breakfast period. From the time the alarm clock shattered their sleep until Mark went to work, she always felt a sense of nervous haste. Not that she had to hurry particularly. Mark always insisted on getting up early

enough so that he could proceed with deliberation through his morning routine, but it was only after he had gone out that she could relax.

As she finished her coffee she heard Martha stirring overhead. Martha didn't have to get to her work at the library until one, and she always stayed in bed

until after her father had banged the front door.

Ellen set a fresh place for her daughter. She went to the stove and lighted a match. The pilot had long since ceased to work. The gas ignited with a loud pop that made her wince. She cast a look of disgust at the stove. For years it had

# the STOVE

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM DUNN

confronted her like a black monster, its finish so worn that it defied her efforts to keep it clean. It was so erratic in operation that when she baked she was forced to crouch before it in almost constant vigilance. Only by frequently turning the pans and regulating the heat could she keep the food from burning.

She was buttering the hot toast when Martha, a kimono pulled tight about her thin body, came into the kitchen. At twenty-seven, Martha had the beginnings of the worn, strained look of her mother.

THEY chatted while she ate. Other meals, when father was present, were eaten almost in silence, but in the morning the two women enjoyed the easy flow of conversation about the little things that were their lives.

"I'll wash the dishes," Martha offered, as they arose from the table. She put a kettle of water on the stove. As she lighted the burners there was a protestant whistle and a backlash of flame.

"I hate to have you bother, but I would like to go downtown."

"This early?"

"Yes. I got something in mind."

"What?" Martha asked curiously.

"Something I've had in mind for a long while."

Martha looked puzzled. It was unlike her mother to withhold anything from her. "Don't do anything foolish," she said with thin jocularity.

"This won't be foolish, but your Pa will think it is," the mother replied grimly.

She put her hat squarely on the top of her head and went out into the warm September morning. As she walked down the street, she felt almost elated now that she had begun to act on the decision formulated only after long months of slow revolt, but as she turned into Main Street her steps slowed. For a long moment of indecision she hesitated. It was hard to buck the habit of seeking peace at any price, but she overcame the temptation to submission and walked resolutely on.

When she came to the gas company,

she hurried a little in mounting excitement, but when she reached the window she stopped and stood gazing at the display with the intentness of a child studying a Christmas window.

It was still there in all its gleaming whiteness. Not that she needed to study it. She had looked at it so many times she could reproduce it photographically in her mind. She felt a voluptuous pleasure as she regarded the shining surface so easily cleaned and considered the automatic controls.

Feeling the calm of decision, she walked with firm tread into the store and over to the stove that was the duplicate of the model in the window. Timidly she felt the smooth finish with her gloved hand.

A salesman approached. "It's a beauty, isn't it?" he asked genially.

She nodded in silent agreement. There was little the salesman could have told her about it. Each month of the last year, when she had come in to pay her bill she had stopped to examine it. Rapidly, he displayed the soundness of construction and the marvels of automatic operation.

"Just a small down payment and we can have it in your kitchen by tomorrow night."

"I'd pay cash." She fingered the worn pocketbook which contained the money accumulated by slow degrees and patient contriving. Mark didn't know she had it. He would be angry to know that it wasn't in the bank drawing interest.

The salesman became even more cordial. He whipped out his orderbook. By long experience he knew the moment to assume a sale was made.

"The name?"

"Mrs. Mark Skeans."

"And the address?"

As he filled in the blank, she answered his questions with a feeling of unreality. It seemed that it could not be herself who for the first time in thirty years was making a decision without her husband's approval.

"Now if you'll just step over to the cashier's cage." The salesman briskly snapped his book shut. "You won't re-

gret this," he promised, "there's no satisfaction in using a wornout appliance."

The words jolted her out of her decision. She could hear Mark saying, "It ain't worn-out; it's good for a long time yet." She could hear him repeating with satisfaction one of the rules by which he had curbed the household for three decades. "Eat it up, wear it out, do without."

She hesitated nervously. "I guess I better talk it over with my husband," she said apologetically.

A look of annoyance flickered over the salesman's face, but almost immediately he forced an attitude of bland tolerance. "You do that," he said warmly. "I'll hold your order."

Ellen turned and walked slowly from the store. She had in her mouth the bitter taste of defeat, but she also felt a craven relief that she had postponed the showdown she had worked herself up to.

When she reached home, Martha was ironing the dress she would wear to work.

"Well, what did you get?"

"I almost ordered the new stove."

Martha made a gesture of impatience. "You almost ordered it!"

Ellen averted her eyes. For a moment she didn't reply. Then she said weakly. "I thought we ought to talk it over with Pa first."

"You've been trying to tell him for five years that the old stove is worn out."

"He thinks it's still good."

"So I've heard," Martha replied bitterly, "but he doesn't have to try to keep it clean and he doesn't have to cook on it."

"I'm going to talk it over with him again this noon."

MARTHA'S expression tightened, but she said nothing. She went upstairs to dress and Ellen started dinner. Deftly and quickly, she mixed a cake and placed it in the oven. In a few minutes, she gingerly opened the oven door and examined the cake. As she had expected, a dozen flakes of rusty metal had sifted down onto the cake. Carefully she picked them off one by one.

A little after twelve Mark came in. The three sat at the kitchen table, Ellen on the edge of her chair poised to dart to the stove when Mark would be ready for his second cup of tea. He picked up the salt cellar and shook it vigorously over his food but without result. He glared at the empty shaker with savage disgust and then handed it silently to

## Down A Peg



► His main fault was that he was too aware of the fact that he was the town's most eligible bachelor. After he had failed to appear at Mrs. Van Jones' dinner party, she happened to meet him at another social gathering. Surrounded by admiring ladies, he was boasting of his great popularity and his inability to keep up with the many social obligations forced upon him.

Turning to Mrs. Van Jones, he said "Why, I believe you asked me to dinner just last week."

"I believe I did," the lady agreed. Then she added, sweetly, "And did you come?"

Margaret E. Bennett

his wife. She hurried into the pantry to refill it.

Mark ate quickly and then filled his pipe. As he lighted it, Ellen cleared her throat nervously. "I was looking at stoves this morning," she said.

He blew out the match and puffed deliberately for a few moments before replying. "What's the matter with that one?" he asked, pointing with his pipe at the old stove.

Martha got up wearily and left the table.

"You can't keep it clean it's so old and burnt out and the oven's got a hole right through the lining." Ellen said feebly. She had told him this dozens of times before.

"Been using it, ain't you?"

"Yes, but . . ."

"Everything's been cooked all right to suit me. That stove's good for years. My father used to say . . ."

"Eat it up, wear it out, do without," said Martha from the next room.

A dull red suffused his face, but he said nothing. He knocked out his pipe on the ash tray and stalked out of the house.

Martha came back to the kitchen. "Well, you talked it over," she said sardonically. "He's the hardest . . ."

"No, he's not," the mother protested with quick loyalty. "When you children were small we never had much to do with. Your pa got so used to always having to scrimp . . ."

"But we're all grown-up now."

"Pa's awful independent," Ellen countered. "He wants to have enough so that we'll never be depending on anyone."

Martha silently studied the ancient floor covering, and then she announced abruptly, "I have a chance to go to work in the library at Harrisport."

Ellen stared at her apprehensively. "You . . ."

"It's a bigger place. There'd be more money."

"But you won't take it?"

"I've been thinking it over."

"You wouldn't be any better off; living's expensive away from home."

"It isn't the money. I'm twenty-seven and I'm treated as though I were seven. I'm sick of it."

"Your Pa's been awful good to us. There ain't a better man living."

"Yes, but anything his grandfather didn't do or think is either sinful or foolish."

The mother looked at her in dismay. "You're not really thinking of going to Harrisport?"

"Oh, I don't know. I suppose I'll stay here." Martha kissed her mother. "I've got to be going. I won't be home to supper; I'm going to eat with one of the girls."

For a long time Ellen sat staring at nothing, and then she got up slowly from her chair. With drooping shoulders, she stood at the sink washing dishes.

WHEN she had finished, she took a basket of mending but left it untouched on her lap as she sat in unaccustomed idleness in the rocker by the window. At four o'clock she got up stiffly from her chair. She placed a pan of water on the stove where it teetered precariously on the worn burner. As she turned her back to return to the pantry, the pan slipped and its contents poured hissing over the burner and down into the stove. Grimly, she began the task of cleaning up the mess. Halfway through the job she stopped.

She went into the hall and made a phone call and then walked with deliberate firmness down the cellar stairs. She turned off the gas at the meter and then picking up an ax came back upstairs. Detaching the burners from the top of the stove, she went to the cellar door and dropped them into the rubbish barrel at the foot of the stairs.

She came back to the stove and pounded savagely at the fittings to which the burners had been attached. In a few minutes she had bent and twisted them beyond repair. Taking careful aim, she swung the ax at the side of the stove. The corroded sheet metal

offered little resistance. The ax crashed through the thin wall of the oven. Trembling with the effort but wielding the ax with controlled ferocity, she swung it again and again. At last she stopped and stood panting by the side of the battered stove. No amount of patching would ever make it usable again.

She wiped the dampness from her forehead and took a long drink at the sink. She returned to her chair and sat there until the violent pumping of her heart slowed down and her hands stopped their agitated quivering.

She made a plate of sandwiches and placed them with a pitcher of milk on the table.

At five-thirty Mark came in and sat down at the table. He stared at the meager repast with bewilderment.

"What's this?"

"Supper."

"What's the matter? Are you sick?"

"No."

"Then what's the idea?" he demanded in surly protest. "I don't intend to make my supper on cold sandwiches."

"There won't be any hot supper tonight."

HE looked at her with rising exasperation, then with visible effort at control he said with heavy sarcasm, "If you don't mind I think I'll make a cup of tea." He filled the teapot with water and walked to the stove. Without looking at it he fumbled for the gas jet. When his hand encountered the broken fixture he looked down at the stove. He stared incredulously at the shattered wreck, and then he shouted at her in blazing anger.

"Did you do this?"

"Yes, I did."

"Are you going crazy?"

"No. I'm not crazy. Maybe I'm just coming to my senses. I've been doing what you wanted me to do, and saying what you wanted me to say, and thinking what you wanted me to think for so many years that I've almost forgot what it is to have a mind of my own. You've been awful good, Mark, but you've always thought that nobody but you could be right about anything. You scared the children away from you when they were small. I always tried to stand between them and you to keep peace, but they all left as soon as they could—all except Martha—and now she wants to go. It ain't just the stove. It's . . . everything. I'm glad I smashed that stove and I'd do it again."

A tremendous impulse of energy flowed through her. She stood erect, feeling strong and unafraid. Steadily and without flinching, she returned his menacing stare. He dropped his gaze and walked slowly back to the table.

(Continued on page 80)

JAMES A. DUNN teaches at Norwood High School (Mass.). He has written for *America*, *Catholic Digest*, and several secular magazines.

# Psychiatry, Catholic

## Plan . . . . .

**Are you confused by the many  
conflicting reports on psychiatry?  
This article will clarify much for you**

**by JOHN R. CAVANAGH, M.D.**

"PSYCHIATRY is atheistic!" "All psychiatrists are materialists!" "All psychiatrists are anti-Christian!"

They are not, of course, and I am at times tempted to pity the puzzled Catholic psychiatrist who practices his profession while parrying hostile polemics. His profession has been attacked from the pulpit, in the press, and from the lecture platform. As a good Catholic he knows in his heart that he is sincere, religious, and that his conscience is clear. He has studied the Aristotelian-Thomistic philosophy and accepted it. With each attack he quivers anew, becomes less articulate, and withdraws a little more into his protective shell because he is not too clear as to what his basic philosophy should be. When he hears his consulting room referred to as "a couch-and-confession chamber," he somewhat confusedly wonders, "What are they trying to do to my beloved profession?"

He knows that those who attack psychiatry are sincere and, he hopes, well informed, but he also knows that their sweeping generalizations are unfortunately leaving the average person somewhat confused and inclined to reject all psychiatry and psychiatrists. For example, I recently attempted for two months to persuade one of my Catholic patients to discuss her problem with a priest. Her

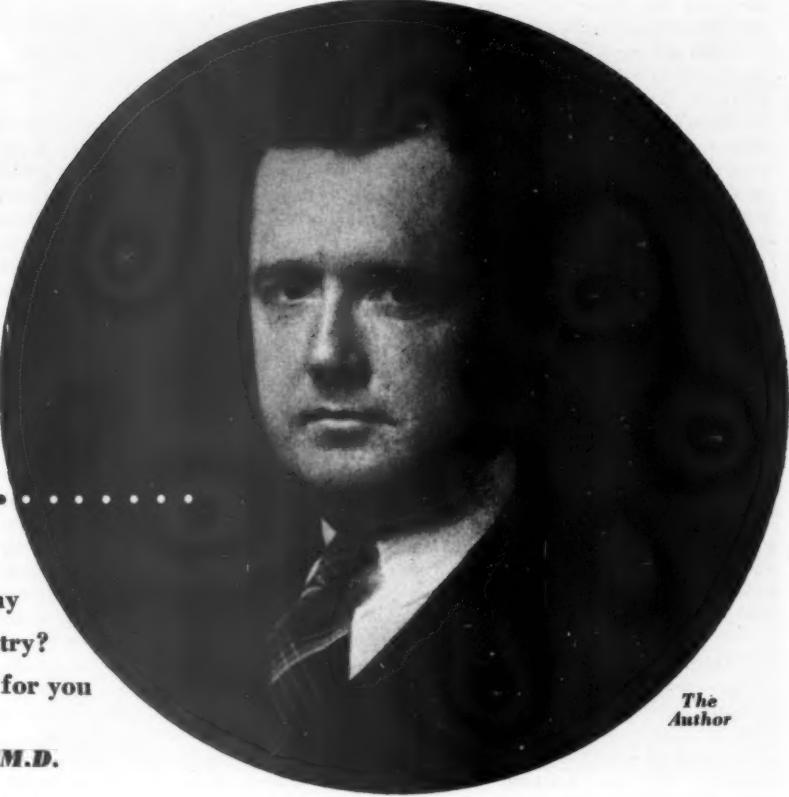
resistance was finally overcome, but imagine her chagrin (and mine) when she was told, "Why do you want to come to me? You have your psychiatrist." It is now three months later and she has not attempted to see a priest again. More recently, a student at a Catholic high school told her mother, who was considering psychiatric care, that she had been told in school that a Catholic was not allowed to go to a psychiatrist.

A recent article in *THE SIGN* must add to his confusion when he reads in emphatic terms that the Group for the Advancement of Psychiatry "are the shock troops of Sigmund Freud, atheist and anti-Christian, in their ordered attack upon the mind and soul of man," because when he checks the list of the members of this group, he discovers there the names of the three most prominent Catholic psychiatrists in the United States and the professor of psychiatry of at least one Catholic medical school. Who is wrong, *THE SIGN* or the psychiatrists who permitted their names to appear on the list? The situation is admittedly confusing from every angle. It should be clarified. But how? As a beginning, the position of the Catholic psychiatrist in regard to such groups should be made clear. As preliminary measures I would suggest:

First, we should stand off a little dis-

tance and try to view psychiatry objectively. With this perspective we can see that there are some very ugly sores on its extremities which are repulsive. Basically, these arise from the malignant lesions of atheism and materialism. Each may look a little different, but whether called Freudian psychoanalysis, behaviorism, or existentialism, their basic etiology is the same. On the contrary, the central structure is composed of a sound body of knowledge which in proper hands can be of tremendous value to a troubled world. Suggestion number one is, therefore, for those who speak on the subject to be more specific, less general, and to condemn a system of thought, or parts of it, rather than psychiatry as a whole. For example, the most frequently attacked system in psychiatry is psychoanalysis, which constitutes only a small part of psychiatry and includes only a small percentage of the total number of psychiatrists active in the field.

Secondly, we should emphasize that basically there is no conflict between psychiatry and religion. A competent psychiatrist can be a good Catholic without conflict (at least on this score). A fact which is not generally recognized is that most Catholic hospitals have departments of psychiatry, that all Catholic medical schools give courses in psychi-



try, and that there are priests who are full-fledged psychiatrists.

Third, we stand in need of more Catholics who will devote themselves to psychiatry as a profession in which they can render service to the mind and body as well as the moral well-being of their patients. Before this will come about, however, we will have to make it clear that psychiatry as a profession is not necessarily anti-Christian.

Fourth, and probably the most important single step which could be taken, is to outline positively the Catholic attitude toward psychiatry. While the battle against error is carried forward vigorously, there should be maintained within the Church a strong defense which clearly delineates the Catholic position. Catholic psychiatrists could point to such a structure as the foundation upon which their practice is based. Very few psychiatrists actually follow any particular school in their practice. They pick the best features of each school and are consequently not psychoanalysts, nor psychobiologists, nor behaviorists.

THE fact, however, cannot be overlooked that in their therapy and teaching, their thoughts are colored by their basic philosophy. It is for this reason that it is essential that those psychiatrists who are teaching Catholic medical students, nurses, and social workers should be strongly grounded in Catholic philosophy. Catholic hospitals should also be alert that their psychiatric staffs, even though they are not teaching, are not insidiously or perhaps even unconsciously employing a false philosophy. If the medical school and hospital staffs were correctly oriented and militant, a tremendous step forward would have been taken toward establishing a truly Christian, dualistic concept in psychiatry. An atheist has no place in the Catholic educational system.

With such a nucleus of properly ori-

ented psychiatrists, the problem of the parish priest or general practitioner who wishes to recommend a psychiatrist or that of the layman who wishes to consult one would be much simplified.

Fifth, a clear dynamic statement of the Catholic position in relation to psychiatry is the cornerstone upon which a strong, positive Catholic position must be built. There are many points upon which we disagree among ourselves. This will always be true in regard to the existence of a dynamic unconscious. Many of the older group of scholastic philosophers still look askance at this concept which the younger philosophers readily accept. One priest who read this manuscript raised his eyebrows questioningly in regard to the interpretation of dreams. There can never be disagreement in regard to matters of doctrine.

Psychiatry is suffering from the infiltrating growth of materialism. When the patient is ill, strong medicine is sometimes indicated. Although it may seem too desperate a measure to some, a public profession of faith, at least upon the part of those who are teaching our young men and women the art of psychiatry, is indicated. The following credo states briefly the fundamental doctrine as it applies to psychiatry:

1. I believe in God.

2. I believe in the efficacy of prayer for the benefit of body and soul and the value of God's grace and that man can merit heaven or deserve hell.

3. I believe that man was elevated by God to a supernatural state and that he was restored to this state by redemption.

4. I believe that the human soul is created by God at the moment of conception and that any theory of evolution which is in conflict with this concept is erroneous.

5. I believe that man is composed of a body and a substantial soul. This soul is simple, immortal, spiritual, and created.

6. I believe that man is possessed of a free will by means of which he is able to determine his course of action. By this I do not imply that all acts are free nor that emotions may not play an important role in influencing such decisions. Emotions do not, however, determine such actions.

7. I believe that Penance is a sacrament designed for the forgiveness of sins; that it is not primarily a psychotherapeutic measure, although it has tremendous value in promoting peace of soul.

8. I believe that the sense of guilt experienced by a patient has its foundation in the objective fact of sin which can only be removed by God's grace.

CATHOLIC psychiatrists must accept the above points as a matter of fundamental doctrine. Because of frequent misunderstandings it should be emphasized that a Catholic psychiatrist may also state:

I believe that it is not erroneous for a Catholic psychiatrist to teach:

a) That there is no basic conflict between psychiatry and the teaching of the Roman Catholic Church.

b) That the Freudian and other psychoanalytic schools have made important contributions to an understanding of human behavior. It is, however, necessary to distinguish between the philosophy and the technic of psychoanalysis. In the technic, there is much of value and little that is morally objectionable. In its philosophy there is much that is objectionable, particularly its atheistic and materialistic approach to human problems, its denial of free will, and its overemphasis on sex.

c) That man possesses a dynamic unconscious which can influence his actions and his emotions but not determine them.

d) That dreams are significant of unconscious thought processes and can be fully interpreted.

e) That, when properly understood, the Freudian concept of the structure of the human personality contains nothing objectionable. We must understand that these terms are not used metaphysically but descriptively, only to create a mental concept of the human personality and not as definite areas in the material structure of the brain.

In conclusion, I would like again to emphasize that we should take positive steps to set our own house in order. We should not leave in the hands of those whom we call anti-Christian the psychiatric training in Catholic schools. We should give credit to those psychiatrists whose basic philosophy is correct while we continue to condemn those who teach error. We should make the statement, "He is a Catholic psychiatrist," be truly meaningful.

### They're Off!



►The three men had imbibed a bit freely and arrived at the station just a second before train time. One of them managed to get aboard, the second caught the handrail as the train pulled out and dragged himself aboard, but the third man couldn't make it at all. Standing on the platform, he began to shake with laughter.

"I don't see why you're laughing," remarked a bystander. "After all, you missed the train."

"Yes, I did," said the tipsy one, "but those fellows just came down to see me off!"

—John O'Connell

# Christian Democracy in Germany

by FERDINAND A. HERMENS

**Protestants and Catholics team up in Germany to make the Christian Democratic Party good news for the West**

AMERICAN public opinion and American foreign policy have not yet become sufficiently aware of the rise of Christian Democracy in Europe. Christian Democratic parties have a leading, and in some cases commanding, position in the governments of Italy, France, the Federal Republic of Germany, Belgium, Holland, Luxembourg, and Austria. This upsurge of Christian Democracy is due to the effects of World War II. Everywhere in Continental Europe the Socialist parties have failed to measure up to expectations. The constructive lead in a policy of social reform and of international co-operation, which they had been expected to give, comes instead from the Christian Democrats.

Christian Democracy in Germany is worthy of special attention because of the key position which the Bonn Republic holds in the cold war. Germany's Christian Democrats are the successors of the old Center Party which, in the 1870's, rose to brave Bismarck's anti-Catholic parties—the so-called *Kulturkampf*—and which subsequently provided the Weimar Republic with a much-needed element of stability. Still, the Christian Democratic Union (called the Christian Social Union, CSU, in Bavaria) is more than the old Center Party. The latter, to be sure, always

kept its doors open to Protestants, as well as to Jews, who agreed with its political tenets. Two proposals to win large-scale Protestant support, made by the Cologne Centrist, Bachem, before World War I, and the trade union leader, Stegerwald, in the 1920's, could not, however, be implemented. During the Weimar period, most church-going Protestants belonged to the rightist parties, whose ideal was the restoration of the Hohenzollern Empire, and whose opposition to the Republic was, at times, unspeakably bitter.

MANY Protestants, in the crucial years 1930-33, voted for Hitler and his nationalist allies; they did not expect the reign of barbarism which was to follow. Christians of all denominations were appalled at the brutality displayed in the persecution of the Jews. Soon they felt the heavy hand of persecution upon themselves. For once, Hitler disregarded the advice to divide and rule, which his master, Machiavelli (whose book, *The Prince*, never left his bed-table) had stressed so strongly; he persecuted all religions alike. Soon Protestant ministers found Catholic priests as their cell-mates in concentration camps.

In wartime discussions about how to end the Nazi rule and how to replace

it after its overthrow, Protestants and Catholics found themselves united. Hitler's pressure succeeded in eliminating differences which had persisted for four centuries in the land of Luther. Thus, it is not surprising that when in 1945 and 1946 the first steps were taken to re-establish political parties, the old Center Party—with the exception of a small group concentrated mainly in North-Rhine Westphalia—did not reappear. The comradeship in arms which Hitler's persecution had forced on Protestants and Catholics was not to be lost when freedom was regained.

This is not the place to discuss the program of the CDU in detail. That it is Christian means in Continental Europe, in the first place, emphasis on the parents' rights to send their children to a school of their own choosing. Such schools European Catholics could not afford to finance themselves; if they are to exist, they must be fully state-supported. This, of course, entails state supervision, but a system has been devised which has, for over a generation, worked without friction, the state making sure of the proper educational, and the Church of the religious, standards.

In the economic and social field, it goes without saying that the German Christian Democrats, Protestants as well as Catholics, are agreed on progressive



*Christian Democrat Adenauer, Chancellor of West Germany*

Acme

legislation. In this field, in fact, inter-denominational co-operation can look back on a longer record than in the political; in the early history of German trade unionism it was decided that, while Christians could not be members of the unions which (as was then the case) officially supported the Socialist Party, there was no reason why Protestants and Catholics should not work together. At present, the Christian social reform movement in Germany has lost none of its impetus, as is shown in the attempt to give workers a share in industrial management.

No matter how progressive Christian Democrats may be in their social aims, they cannot be Socialists. For Socialists, nationalization is an end in itself. They do not ask whether a particular type of enterprise renders better service to the community when it is in private, or when it is in public hands. Such a policy centralizes in the hands of a state what, according to the principle of subsidiarity, should be left in the hands of individuals. It also opens the door to political influence, as in the distribution of goods and jobs, where those with the proper connections are more likely to succeed. Christian Democrats cannot be Socialists because they defend the freedom of the human person from collectivist oppression.

In regard to social and economic policy, German Christian Democrats have taken a stand which, while it is quite similar to that of the Christian Democrats of Belgium, differs from the stand taken, for example, by the Christian Democrats of France. The latter have been willing to accept wholesale nationalization of basic industries; this writer was, therefore, only mildly surprised when an official of the British Labour Party told him that he saw no reason why the Socialists and Christian Democrats of France should not unite (assuming, of course, that French Socialists would drop their anticlericalism).

UNDER the leadership of Professor Erhard, Minister of Economics in the Adenauer cabinet, German Christian Democrats have followed a different course. They demand "a social market policy." The government formed in September, 1949, by the Christian Democratic leader, Dr. Adenauer, gave free enterprise as wide a scope as possible and removed one after the other most economic controls. The German economy had been fettered, to an ever-increasing extent, since 1934, when Dr. Schacht introduced his famous "New Plan." Private ownership of the instruments of production remained, but it was deprived of its creative function by more and more government and party regulation.

Opposition to this policy came not

so much from businessmen, whose established economic positions it defended as from the group of academic economists to which Professor Erhard belongs. There had been a very vigorous rethinking of basic economic problems in German universities. The conviction had spread that the type of economic regulation practiced by the Nazis stifled the true function of the market, which is to make businessmen produce what consumers want.

Regulation had been carried further during the war, and reached the point of absurdity when, in the years after the surrender, the German currency practically lost its value. When, in the summer of 1948, a currency reform was carried out, the road was open for a

to gain most from this development; they could once again feed and clothe themselves decently, and their wives did not have to queue up at ration offices and stores the way English housewives have to do to this day.

German economic policy, as directed by the Christian Democratic cabinet, is however, far from being a *laissez-faire* policy. When I asked Dr. Erhard whether the word "social" in the term, "a social market policy," had a meaning, he immediately stated in unambiguous terms that it did: it meant that he and his friends were always ready to support any type of government intervention which could be expected to increase the general welfare. He opposed only the kind of government intervention undertaken on the basis of Socialist dogmatism, rather than of rational investigation.

AMERICAN reporters who criticize the German Government for not doing enough in certain fields, such as housing, fail to consider that in a country which has suffered so severely from wartime bombings and postwar dismantling (according to an American expert, German steel capacity alone was reduced by six million tons a year through Allied dismantlings) there is inevitably a scarcity of capital, which prevents the carrying out of much useful work which could otherwise be done. This capital scarcity must also be taken into account when we consider that Western Germany, with one-third of the population of the United States, had 1.4 million unemployed even at the height of midsummer production.

When I discussed this figure with Mr. Storch, the German Minister of Labor, a former trade unionist well acquainted with German economic life, he mentioned that there would be no unemployment in Western Germany except for the influx of 8 million expellees, aggravated by the continuing exodus of Germans from the Russian zone of occupation. It was quite an accomplishment, he felt, to have found work for most of the expellees and refugees. If the rest were to be employed, capital would have to be found for the establishment of new industries as well as the modernization of old ones.

The major effort of Germany's Christian Democrats has, however, been made in the field of international co-operation. For the Chancellor, Dr. Adenauer, in particular, this type of work took precedence over all others. His task was not simple. Allied policy continued in September, 1949, when the Adenauer cabinet was installed, to be hampered by the leftovers of wartime propaganda. Those of our officials who, like General Clay and High Commissioner McCloy, worked for a policy of common sense,



*Social Democrat Kurt Schumacher, opposition leader*

fundamental reorientation of economic policy. Professor Erhard and his advisers were convinced that an economy which had sunk so low as had the German economy in 1948 could gain nothing by centralized economic planning. The initiative of as many independent businessmen as possible (supported, as it was, by responsible trade union leadership) could alone yield the quick results so badly needed.

Today, Professor Erhard can claim that these results have been achieved. When I saw him in Bonn, he first mentioned the simple fact that, in the two years following upon the currency reform, the level of industrial production in Germany has increased from 40 to 110. Goods were, to be sure, at first expensive. Erhard resisted all attempts to reimpose the controls which he had lifted, predicting a fall of prices within a year.

The price decline took place; the tourist who visits Germany now will notice that German prices are lower, and the quality of goods better, than he expected, and certainly lower than they are in the neighboring European countries, with the exception of Austria. Workers and salaried employees stood

were subjected to incessant newspaper needling and, not infrequently, had to take one step backward after attempting to take two steps forward.

Besides, Dr. Adenauer faced domestic as well as foreign opposition. Dr. Schumacher, the leader of the Social Democratic Party, allowed himself to be carried away by nationalist emotionalism, and within the Bonn coalition itself



*Adenauer's Minister of Labor, Anton Storch*

there were nationalist elements which it was difficult to satisfy. (The Christian Democrats, in order to obtain a majority, had to ally themselves with Rightist parties.)

In this respect, Dr. Adenauer was well served by those of his characteristics which otherwise are not a source of strength: he tends to keep his own counsel and to impose his decisions rather than to have them emerge from common counsel within his cabinet. His paramount desire was an understanding with the West in general, and with France in particular. In order to reach this goal, he threw, with a certain recklessness, the full weight of his influence into the struggle for Germany's joining the Council of Europe, although this had to be done on terms of inferiority, Germany having no voice in the all-powerful Council of Ministers, being limited to representation in the consultative assembly. Similarly, he brought about acceptance of the Schuman Plan for the merging of the iron and coal industries of Western Europe.

When, in the latter case, Dr. Adenauer was asked whether he was going to consult the experts before he accepted the French proposal, his answer is said to have been that he would not. He continued that if he consulted the experts beforehand, they would only tell him why the job could not be done; the only purpose for which he needed them was to tell him, after the decision had been made, how it could be carried out. Some of the drawbacks which the experts would have liked to stress will, of

course, plague German policy-makers in the future. Dr. Adenauer was, however, rightly determined that priority was to be given to ending the age-old conflict between Germany and France.

The Schuman Plan, submitted to Dr. Adenauer by a fellow Christian Democrat whose honesty there was no reason to doubt, was to interlock the heavy industries of the two countries so closely that henceforth war between the old enemies would become impossible. To Dr. Adenauer that mattered more than any economic drawbacks. By this time, the German Chancellor's decision to put foreign policy first and economic considerations second has borne fruit. French hostility to the lifting of the restrictions placed on Germany, and in particular on German industry, is receding; Foreign Minister Schuman (and Prime Minister Pleven) are doing all they can to free French policy from the incubus of outmoded prejudices.

Thus, a year after a cabinet under Christian Democratic leadership has assumed office in Germany, it can well afford to disregard petty criticism. Germany is moving toward a status of equality in foreign affairs. The domestic task which confronted the first Federal Diet in Germany can be compared with that which faced the First Congress of the United States. The problems to be solved were in both cases not only those of carrying on ordinary legislative and administrative work, but those of erecting the framework of a new state. The assignment was accomplished. Much of the credit should go to Dr. von Brentano, energetic and popular floor-leader of the Bundestag. When the Bonn parliament reassembles this fall, its members will be able to work on what is the best foundation that could have been laid in a time of such uncertainty.

**T**HREE is, of course, no dearth of clouds on the horizon. The blackest is the menace from the East. One must have been in Germany in order to realize what it means to live in a country strung along the borders of the Iron Curtain. The borders of the occupation zones were established at the high point of Western belief in Russia's good intentions, and the Russian armies were admitted deeply into Germany. Even the Elbe line, of which our correspondents and radio commentators speak so often, is a fiction. American evacuation of Saxony and Thuringia (carried out in accordance with the Yalta decisions, but without any attempt to secure compensating advantages by asking Russia for tangible evidence of her willingness to fulfill her part of the bargain) has installed the Red army close to Frankfurt. As the French pointed out during the recent meetings of the Council of Europe, Strasbourg is closer to the Rus-

sian zone of Germany than it is to Paris. Had the intention been to draw the zonal borders in such a manner as to make Western Germany indefensible against a Russian attack, they need hardly have been drawn differently.

Meanwhile, the Communist fifth column is at work inside Germany. It matters little if the number of Communist votes falls from election to election. There remain enough Communist agents for the jobs of information, of sabotage in case of hostilities, and for terrorization. Every political leader in Western Germany who supports a Western orientation knows that he and his family must expect the worst in case of a Communist invasion. What this means for those people who first had to struggle through years of Nazi terror, then through the horrors of the war, and through the hungry years afterward, no outsider can fully grasp. Life becomes unreal; all planning must be undertaken on an "as if" basis, everyone knowing that what is built up today may go down under the bombs of the enemy (or of the ally) next year, or even next month. (This feeling naturally exists to some extent throughout Europe.)

When I asked well-informed people in Bonn what their first preoccupation was, the answer was "security." They want to live and work in peace. That much even the enemies of yesterday are coming to understand. They know



*Ludwig Erhard, Adenauer's Minister of Economics*

that whatever is done to promote the security of Western Germany promotes the security of the rest of Europe as well. The simultaneous presence of strong Christian Democratic parties in the government of France and Germany has done much to enhance their feeling of European solidarity, and it goes without saying that the Christian Democrats of Italy, Belgium, and The Netherlands are doing their part to insure the success of a policy designed to bring the countries of Western Europe closer together.

Hail! Hail! The Gang's All Here!

Our Candidate



A poster during the 1928 presidential campaign

ON JULY 12 of this year, seven thousand persons paraded through the streets of Toronto, Ontario, under banners reeking with anti-Catholic sentiments. They were followers of the Orange lodges of the Toronto area, kinsmen of the Orangemen of Northern Ireland, organized to keep that section of Ireland under Protestant domination. Each year in the old country and in the sections of Canada to which Orangemen have emigrated, the far-off victory of "Good King Billy" (William of Orange) over the largely Catholic supporters of the Stuarts at the Battle of the Boyne in Ireland in 1690 is celebrated with a violent stirring-up of anti-Catholic feeling. One would go far to find a more joyless parade than the yearly Orange parade in Toronto. Seldom could one see more grim-faced, humorless-looking people at one time in one place. In truth the slogans under which they march could scarcely bring joy to anyone. An official of each lodge walks with a Bible held open in obvious reference to the long-held belief that the Bible is a closed book for Catholics. Of equal truth are the slogans on the banners aloft: "Protestantism, Guardian of Our Liberties," "One King; One Language; One School." "The One School for Canada—the Public School."

Yet, in fairness it should be noted that most Torontonians with more than

a grammar school education would not be found dead at the Orange parade. But it should also be observed that this yearly spectacle still can rouse thousands, not only in traditionally bigoted Belfast but also thousands of miles away in progressive Toronto.

The persistence of this phenomenon of anti-Catholicism on this continent, despite its resting on a lie of colossal proportions, is a further witness to the astounding efficiency of those who set out to falsify history four hundred years ago. They deliberately created a shockingly distorted picture of Catholicism which dozens of generations of Protestants have solemnly accepted as the true picture of the Catholic religion.

This stupendous lie was sedulously sown in the old country by those who had a vested interest in breaking down the moral restraints of Catholicism. The ignorance and fear of Rome conditioned the minds of Englishmen, Scotsmen, Hollanders, and Germans for generations before any settlements were made in the New World.

The first Protestant settlers brought this anti-Catholic bigotry with them to America and planted it firmly in the

# Anti-Catholic BIGOTRY IN AMERICA

Burnt convents, fake nuns, tons of slanderous literature tell the story of anti-Catholic hysteria

by FERGUS MACDONALD, C.P.

new colonies. Conditions of life on this continent sharpened it considerably. The isolation of colonial life tended to intensify the bad as well as the good qualities of settlers. The fact is that violent hatred for Catholics flourished in seventeenth-century America, despite the almost total absence of Catholics.

The history of the colonies shows all kinds of militant intolerance of Catholics. Reports were periodically circulated that Catholic plots were afoot to murder all Protestants in their beds. The legislatures took all kinds of precautions against "Popery." In 1659 the General Court of the Massachusetts Bay Colony forbade the celebration of the "Popish festival of Christmas." In New Hampshire in 1696 an oath was required of all residents against the Pope and the Catholic religion. New York ordered the arrest of all Papists after the pro-Catholic Stuarts had been driven from the English throne in 1688. By 1700 anti-Catholic feeling was so widespread in the colonies that only in Rhode Island did Catholics have actual political and religious rights. Maryland passed a law in 1704 "To Prevent the Growth of Popery." In Connecticut a group of pious Moravian immigrants were beaten up on suspicion of being "Jesuits in disguise."

The Quebec Act of 1774, by which England granted religious freedom to

Bigotry in the U.S.A.

the Catholics of Canada, aroused a fury of bigotry throughout the American colonies and greatly hastened the break with the old country. Charges of a Popish plot were heard on all sides. The Inquisition was predicted for the colonies. "Pope Day" was celebrated with the burning of the Pope in effigy. To arouse feelings to an even higher pitch, Pope and King were pictured as united in tyranny. But the French alliance during the Revolution temporarily quieted the "No Popery" campaign when it was seen that French Catholic sailors did not have horns and appeared to be quite human.

But the beginning of large-scale immigration after 1820 caused a revival of the old hatred for Catholics. Dislike of foreigners, another hangover from the old country, was greatly intensified when it was learned that great numbers of the newcomers were Catholics. A new "No Popery" campaign began. During the 1820's newspapers like the *Gospel Advocate*, the *North American Review*, the *Mount Zion Missionary*, and the *Southern Religious Telegraph* led the attack on the Catholic Church.

In the 1830's the attack on the "Man of Sin" was paced by the *American Protestant Vindicator* and the *Protestant*, the former having on its masthead the Scriptural words: "Who is like unto the Beast?" These papers were filled with inflammatory material against the Catholic Church that would scare the wits out of anyone over the age of three.

It was at this time that the first of the "Nativist" societies was founded in New York "to promote the principles of the Reformation by public discussions which shall illustrate the history and character of Popery." To drive the Beast from America, these first "Nativists" had their own formula: "Popery, to be hated, needs but to be seen in its true character, and if the American people can be induced to look the monster in the face and observe his hideous features they would turn from it with horror and disgust."

Tales of immorality in convents, similar to recent Nazi slanders, were spread wholesale. Books appeared with horrendous titles like *Secrets of Nunneries Disclosed*, *Female Convents*, etc. The effect of this type of anti-Catholic propaganda was seen in the burning of the Ursuline convent in Charlestown, Massachusetts, in 1834. This convent school had won a local reputation for scholastic excellence that attracted the daughters of prominent Boston Protestants, thereby enraging some of the local anti-Catholic bigots. The notorious Boston preacher, Lyman Beecher, led a pulpit assault from his Park Street Church, picturing the Ursulines as avidly converting Protestant girls to Popery.

The combination of lurid literature and ministerial oratory against convents so inflamed local hatred of Catholicism that a mob assaulted the convent and burned it down, while firemen stood by and refused to put out the fire.

Shortly after this there began to appear the stories of "escaped" nuns, it being popularly believed that all nuns were held forcibly in convents. *Six Months in a Convent* was a huge success, the first edition sold in New York being exhausted in two hours. It was republished constantly. But the most famous of these books was Maria Monk's *Awful Disclosures of the Hotel Dieu Nunnery of Montreal*, published in 1836 and still being reprinted in 1950. This work had a huge influence on the "No Popery" movement in the last century. Its "revelations" of convent life were sensationaly shocking, with wild tales of immorality and murder. Maria recounted her horror at such activities and her subsequent "escape." Her mother, however, denied that the girl had ever been in the convent but stated that Maria had been confined in a Magdalene refuge in Montreal after getting into serious trouble. Legal action revealed that the *Awful Disclosures* had been written by the Reverend J. J. Slocum. A wild acclaim had greeted the book, although many fair-minded Protestants were skeptical of its truth. After charges and counter-charges, it was agreed to send two impartial Protestant clergymen to Montreal to inspect the convent. They returned to New York with the report that the book was utterly false and that the Hotel Dieu convent did not at all

resemble the building described by the book. At once these clergymen found themselves denounced as Jesuits in disguise. The *Awful Disclosures* continued to sell, with three hundred thousand copies going before the Civil War, despite the fact that Maria Monk led a life notorious for immorality and died in prison.

MANY an editor and author were quick to see the financial advantages to this type of writing. So it is not surprising to find that many anti-Catholic papers appeared at this time. One of the most successful was the *Downfall of Babylon, or the Triumph of Truth over Popery*, which devoted itself to shocking accounts of immorality among Catholics and enjoyed immense popularity. It set a pattern for similar periodicals in which the new, national Nativist Society co-operated. This was "The American Society to Promote the Principles of the Protestant Reformation," organized in 1836. It soon became the "Protestant Reformation Society" and took over the direction of anti-Catholic propaganda. It used agents to stir up Nativist feeling throughout the country and appealed to all Protestant churches to make anti-Catholic sermons a regular part of their church services. It adopted the *American Protestant Vindicator* as its organ. "By the middle of the 1830's," says a distinguished American Protestant historian, "newspapers, magazines, lecturers, and propaganda agents were co-operating through a national society in spreading propaganda against Rome."

Anti-Catholic feeling was next stirred up by Catholic opposition to reading of

# **THREE KEYS TO HELL**

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**OR**

# **Rum, Romanism and Ruin**

By WM. LLOYD CLARK

## AMERICA'S FOREMOST LECTURER AND WRITER UPON POLITICAL ROMANISM, COMMERCIALIZED VICE AND THEIR ALLIED EVILS

THIS book contains 500 large pages, 430 pages of text and 50 great cartoons. It is printed on high grade eggshell paper, and bound in flexible imitation leather with gold imprint on cover. It covers every phase of the BURNING QUESTION OF THE HOUR. It lifts the curtain and you behold the scarlet flag of the Tiber in all HER loathsome hideousness. In the fight against Political Reactionism there is no North, no South, no East or West. All liberty loving patriots are banded together in one common cause to save America from the curse and blight that fell on Spain, Portugal and Mexico.



## **Partial Contents**

The Fight for Nation's Life. Poetry in the Group of Anna Clark's Reply to Sir, Father P. J. McCarthy's Letter to Robert Davis of Liverpool. An Infamous Outrage. Hell Is Back Again Under Slaveholder Government. The Mass Turn From Ka: Shadrach Brundage and Major Schriver and Their Dabbling Hypocrites. Banan, Banan and Bananana. "Jester Heart" and "Holy Lamb." Salamander. An Open Letter to Dean Quinn. Eggs, Fish, Oysters, Dead Spiders, and Show Boxes. Renaissance. Egg, Fish, Oysters, Dead Spiders, and Show Boxes. Renaissance and Political Renaissance. Runaway and Runaway Black Island. Ram Impedes 17-year Runaway Slave Shared in Father's Ownership. Justice Sleeps a Corp. Clark's Challenge to Father Free. *Progress West* Defended These Same Systems

The image shows the front cover of a book titled "THREE KEYS TO HELL" by William Lloyd Clark. The title is at the top, followed by "or" and "THEIR ENTHRALLED - & - BOUND". Below this is a decorative horizontal line. At the bottom, it says "WILLIAM LLOYD CLARK" and "NEW YORK 1913".

#### **Contributions from Great Men**

Wm. Lloyd Clark is one of the greatest heroes of life. He is Mr. W. B. Shew's namesake in the Christian Standard. I wish to commend to you just how much I do know him. You will find him a man of great worth. You have been so kind to me that you know that I really and truly appreciate you for the great work you are doing. Col. 1:18. Respectfully, "The Man in Missouri." He presented letter to Mr. Clark.

*William Lloyd Clark, like Blanshard today, found a gullible public and a rich return in attacking the Catholic Church*

the Protestant Bible in the public schools. The Catholic Church had forbidden its members to read the King James version of the Bible because of the fact that it does not contain certain books mentioning doctrines the "Reformers" wished to abolish. Catholic pressure finally stopped the reading of the Protestant Bible in certain public schools which Catholics attended. This attitude of Catholics was distorted and made to look like a general Catholic opposition to the Bible itself, not just to the Protestant version. This alleged anti-Bible position succeeded in arousing the Protestant middle classes to support the whole anti-Catholic movement. Furthermore, Catholics had objected to the Protestant teaching given in some public schools and to the bigoted textbooks in quite general use. They had asked a share of the taxes for their own parish schools, only to meet a stone wall of prejudice. The secular press supported the refusal of the authorities to give any financial aid to Catholic schools.

Shortly after this, the campaign of bigotry entered politics to protect America from Popery. Immigration and Rome were held up as the two greatest threats to American institutions. The poverty of many of the new Irish and German arrivals, their love of beer or whiskey, their sectional feuds and their rioting, the political corruption associated with oppressed people unused to representative procedures, their threat to American jobs and standards of living, and, above all, the Catholic religion of so many of them—all led to political organizing among "native" Americans to stop the incoming tide. But severe rioting in Philadelphia in 1844, killing dozens of Catholics and destroying their homes and churches, caused a revulsion of feeling against the Nativists.

**I**N the 1850's the trouble of many Catholic parishes with lay trustees played into the hands of Nativists, who gleefully tried to exploit the divisions between pastors and trustees over church administration. The efforts of some trustees to appoint their own pastors or to dismiss them arose partly from the fact that state laws then required that church property be held in the name of a board of trustees. This civil position gave recalcitrant trustees an excuse for acting as if they also had canonical power over the parish. Many situations arose in which ecclesiastical authority was openly defied by rebellious trustees.

Troubles from this system were at their height when there arrived from Rome in 1853 the famous Archbishop Bedini, who commenced an extensive visit to American Catholic centers. His arrival touched off a furious wave of anti-Catholic bigotry, vigorously helped

on by the Nativists. He was heralded as an advance agent of the Inquisition preparing to start poisoning Protestants. Public feeling against him was greatly stimulated by the coming of one Alessandro Gavazzi, an ex-Barnabite friar who had been involved in the revolutions of 1848 and had been disciplined by the Holy See. Bitter against those who had tried to correct him, he preached a message of hate that was made to order for the American Protestant mind of the 1850's. He won an immediate following by his dramatic account of fantastic papal plots on America, swallowed wholesale by the credulous crowds. He convinced his audiences that Archbishop Bedini had been an enemy of all freedom while he was a papal official in Bologna and that he had tortured Italian patriots. He hounded the Archbishop all over America screaming "Bedini the Butcher of Bologna," and the crowds loved it.

The facts were the Archbishop had had nothing to do with the execution of plotters against the Austrian occupation forces in Bologna. But, of course, the mobs never heard that side of the

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• The chains of habit are too weak  
to be felt until they are too strong  
to be broken.

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case. A flame of hatred swept over America in 1853 and centered on Bedini. Mobs tried to kill him wherever he went. In Boston he was hung in effigy. In Pittsburgh he was beaten up by hoodlums. In Baltimore shots were fired into his room. In Cincinnati a huge crowd tried to burn down the cathedral and hang him. When he sailed from New York a mob was waiting at the docks to kill him, so he was smuggled out on a tugboat and boarded his steamer in the bay. Again, a colossal lie had spread like wildfire and had generated an enormous wave of hate.

The emotional crisis occasioned by his visit did not die down with his going. Gavazzi continued to fan the flames of bigotry, giving fiery speeches all over the country. His general success showed Nativist rabble-rousers that violent hate-spreading was their meat. Many of these now took up the crusade. One of the most successful was the "Angel Gabriel," otherwise known as John S. Orr from Ulster. He got his nickname from his practice of blowing a trumpet to attract a crowd and of appearing in a white robe. So bitter were his attacks on the Catholic Church that mobs were roused by his harangues to attack and destroy Catholic churches. This happened at Chelsea, Massachusetts; Nashua, New Hampshire; Bath, Maine; and

Palmyra, New York. Dozens of other fanatics held forth throughout the country on street corners and some entered Catholic churches to disrupt the services. Priests were threatened and beaten, and a priest in Ellsworth, Maine, was tarred and feathered and ridden out of town on a rail.

**T**HE emotional excitement of anti-Catholicism of the 1850's amounted to a general hysteria. Rumors spread that all Irish servant girls had been ordered by the priests to poison the food of their Protestant employers. Posters in many cities warned the citizens to be on the alert for a Popish attack. A block of marble sent by Pope Pius IX for the new Washington Monument was thrown into the Potomac River in 1854. Propaganda had produced a blind hatred of Catholicism. The Church was accepted as guilty of every imaginable kind of evil. No proof was necessary.

In 1852 came the famous "Know Nothing Party," which was to carry Nativism into state and national politics. It was a secret society whose members replied to all questions about the organization, "I don't know." By 1855 it was represented in thirty-five states and territories. The previous year it had sent forty representatives to Congress and had won political control of a number of states. Later, it elected seventy-five members to Congress. It stood for militant opposition to Catholicism, but this policy and the whole anti-Catholic movement receded into the background with the rise of the slavery issue to the forefront of public attention in the later 1850's. The Civil War pushed the threat of Popery into the background and the patriotic service of Catholics helped to dispel much of the fear of Rome. Likewise, the need for soldiers required a softening of anti-Catholic voices.

The next resurgence of the old bigotry came in the 1880's, and it was paced by the new "American Protective Association," formed in Clinton, Iowa, in 1887, and picking up 70,000 members in its first year of existence. This new wave of anti-Catholicism came as a reaction to the growing social and economic prestige of Catholic Americans in the industrialized era of the '80's. A great effort was made to rouse the old fears and hatred. Forged documents were circulated to spread fear of Catholic designs upon America. One of these purported to be an encyclical letter from Pope Leo XIII absolving all Catholics from allegiance to the United States and ordering the massacre of all heretics "on or about the feast of Ignatius Loyola" in 1893. Despite its absurdity, this piece of forgery was widely accepted as credible and it won thousands of recruits for the A.P.A. When the day of doom came and went without any mas-

sacre of Protestants, one Nativist paper explained it all as a Jesuit trick!

The falsity of its charges did not put an end to the A.P.A., because great numbers of Americans were conditioned to believe them by centuries of anti-Catholic propaganda. But, when the A.P.A. failed to make a good showing in the presidential election of 1896, it began to wane.

Anti-Catholic bigotry, however, was far from ended. A new organization was founded in the old tradition in 1911, the "Guardians of Liberty," who set themselves to protest vigorously against favorable publicity given to Catholics.

All the anti-Catholic societies at this time had as their major spokesman the most famous—or infamous—hate-spreading sheet ever to appear in this country, *The Menace*. A weekly published at Aurora, Illinois, it had a circulation of

erners. The new group, adopting the old name, called on the services of Edward Clarke of Atlanta, a master of modern publicity methods. He was to build up the new society, taking eight dollars out of every ten dollars initiation fee and making a monthly profit of \$40,000 from 1920 to 1923.

Anti-Catholic and anti-Jewish propaganda filled *The Searchlight*, the official paper of the Klan. The repeatedly exploded myth of the "Protocols of Zion" was brought out regularly for uninformed bigots to believe. But the main effort was against the Catholic Church, especially in the Middle West. A student of the Klan has declared that "the Klan was but the recrudescence of forces that already existed in American society, some of them recent, others dating from the more distant past. . . . The Klan drew its inspiration from ancient preju-

try lecturing on the peril to American institutions from the Catholic Church, and he accused venerable figures like Elihu Root and Nicholas Murray Butler of being in the service of Smith and the "Catholic political machine."

With the nomination of Smith in Houston, a gigantic flood of bigotry began to flow. Vast numbers of Americans became convinced that a Catholic in the White House would mean that the Pope would shortly take over America. In the election much of the solidly Democratic South bolted the party, rather than vote for a Catholic, and voted for Republican Hoover. The frenzied campaign of bigotry had been a huge success. America was saved from Popery. The "Man of Sin" would not take over in Washington.

Thus it has been these many years—four hundred in all—and thus, to some extent, it still is. The old tradition of anti-Catholic bigotry is not dead. It can still be appealed to with considerable financial profit. It has not been replaced by any general understanding of the nature of the Catholic Church.

Yet it must be recognized that today in this country most manifestations of this tradition of bigotry attempt to distinguish between the Church and individual Catholics or groups of Catholics. The presence of some twenty-five million of us in the midst of the American population is a living and obvious refutation of the older sweeping charges against all Catholics.

**S**TILL, however, the Catholic Church itself remains a mysterious and sinister organization to the bigoted mind formed in the tradition of suspicion and fear of Catholicism. She is said to be a totalitarian institution. Her bishops are asserted to be possessed by a consuming drive for power. Her doctrines are denounced as "medieval." Her moral teaching is derided as "dated."

Those who are making these charges today are merely varying the old theme. They are shrewdly exploiting the inherited suspicion and fear of the Catholic Church in so many Protestant minds. These exploiters cannot endure the thought that the Catholic Church should win a good name. Her reputation must be blackened by any plausible means.

These unfortunate men and the masses brought up in the tradition of bigotry have inherited a nightmare—and it still has power to terrify their days. We Catholics can at least pray and, according to our capacities, work to bring about the day when the Light of the World will effectively enlighten their minds and purge their imaginations from the specters and phobias and deliria which afflict them and dispose them to do the work of Satan on this earth.



A sample of Nast's crude cartoons in "Harper's Weekly" picturing the Pope closing a Protestant chapel in Rome.

over 1,400,000 in 1914. In that same year it was banned from the mails of Canada by the Postmaster General of the Dominion, but Catholics' efforts to secure a similar ban in this country were without effect. The sheet continued in existence until 1931 when it gave way to *The Monitor*, a similar paper.

In 1915 a new secret society, the Ku Klux Klan, had been founded in Georgia, with all the inverted and deep-seated bigotry of the South for its background. But it rapidly became a national organization enrolling millions of members in an anti-Catholic and anti-Jewish campaign. There had been an earlier K.K.K., organized to maintain white supremacy in the South. It had used violence to keep the Negro race out of Southern cultural and political life, and its name had long held a romantic appeal to racist-minded South-

dice, classical hatreds, and ingrained social habits." All the old lies and slanders were trotted out again to scare another generation of good, uninformed Protestants. The later official paper of the Klan, *The Fiery Cross*, had twenty-three weekly editions throughout the country in 1924, with a total circulation of 400,000.

In the exciting Democratic national convention of 1924, the Klan exerted a very powerful influence and nearly split the party. The likelihood of Al Smith's getting the nomination had spurred the Klan to a furious burst of activity behind the scenes of the convention. As the next campaign drew near in 1928, it became clear that Smith would be a candidate. This roused the zeal of all those anxious to protect America from a Roman invasion. The notorious Senator Heflin of Alabama toured the coun-



# SPORTS

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by DON DUNPHY

## An All-American Guy

Johnny Lujack dropped back past the Army forty-yard line and let go with a long pass that had touchdown written all over it. And with good reason, for streaking down the sidelines was big John Yonaker. John reached up, plucked the spiraling pigskin from the air, and raced over the West Point goal line for the first touchdown of the 1943 Army-Notre Dame gridiron classic at Yankee Stadium. A few minutes later Lujack and Yonaker teamed again to add another six points to the "Fighting Irish" total, and the boys from South Bend went on to sink the Army—26 to 0.

Lujack was just coming into his own as a Notre Dame star, having become regular quarterback for the "Irish" when Angelo Bertelli left for the Marines earlier that week. Lujack, of course, was to go on to many glorious triumphs before leaving the Golden Dome on the beautiful South Bend campus. But Yonaker was moving toward the completion of his third season at Notre Dame. A couple of years later, when he received his discharge from the armed forces, John joined the pro ranks, although he did go back to school for his degree. It's little wonder then that the two touchdowns scored against Army that year still remain as the greatest thrill in Yonaker's outstanding athletic career.

Yonaker joined the Cleveland Browns in the newly formed All-America Conference back in 1946 and immediately established himself as an all-round star on Paul Brown's championship squad. Ironically, John was destined to become the outstanding defensive wingman in the conference, although he became an All-American in 1943 as an offensive giant. To complete the twist, Yonaker, now a member of the New York Yanks in the combined National Football League and still a defensive end, can look down the line and see another offensive great—Barney Poole—being used as the other regular defensive

wingman. The Yanks are loaded with good ends, including Dan Edwards, Jack Russell, and Art Weiner, North Carolina's All-American the last couple of seasons. At this writing, it looks as though Yonaker and Poole will be limited to defensive action.

However, most of the clubs would be just as satisfied if Yonaker took up some other sport. At six-five and weighing 227 pounds, he's a rough man to go around. He's already drawn plenty of commendation from Yank coach Red Strader for his fine play and from the opposition—well, they would probably be willing to pay him his salary just to remain in Dorchester, Mass., where John makes his home.

Yonaker is good and he knows it. One day before the start of the season, a couple of years back, he was talking contract with Paul Brown. "You know, John," said the Cleveland mentor, "there are a lot of good ends coming up from the colleges each year." Yonaker calmly replied, "Yes Paul, good ends—but not great ends."

John was pretty much of an all-round athlete both at Boston's Mechanical Arts High School, where he won eleven letters, and at Notre Dame, where he gained varsity emblems three times for football, four in track, and one in boxing. John won the National AAU shotput indoor title in 1944, and he won Notre Dame's heavyweight boxing championship in 1941.

It was feared that John would never walk again after a serious leg infection as a boy, but plenty of determination and exercise made him an All-American.

## Sports on TV

This football season of 1950 is apt to be a decisive one in the relations between the gridiron game and television. The argument over whether or not the telecasting of sports events hurts at the box office has been coming to a boil lately, and it reached its peak when the recent heavyweight championship bat-

tle between Ezzard Charles and Joe Louis failed to click at the box office but is reputed to have drawn as many as 25,000,000 to the TV screens. The promoters supposedly are upset over this, and there is quite a good chance that this bout may very well have been the last big championship battle to go out over TV. Indeed, the trend has been away from television as far as outdoor bouts of any stature are concerned.

As for football, here is a sport in which the athletic directors have been gravely concerned for some time. It isn't so much the fact that Joe Alumnus can get his old college game in the comfort of his own living room that becomes a threat to the gate, but the fact that by a twist of the dial he can get several other big games as well. This is particularly true of late October and November on Saturdays when it may be bitter cold or rainy.

To a large extent, the pros, who went in for it with great enthusiasm in the beginning, have now dropped television. So have some colleges, while others still allow it but are confused. Those that permit it usually advance the theory that since the Notre Dame games are TV'd they might as well allow theirs to be sent out also.

It's a problem all right, and yours truly is just as happy that he doesn't have to rule on it. During the winter there will be plenty of discussion over it. Should football attendances fall off to any great degree, not only the gridiron people but the boxers and base-ballers, too, will climb on the bandwagon. When the gates fell off in the past the baseball magnate usually fired the manager, but now he has a new whipping boy.



Captain Bill Coen . . . hopes to lead B. C. to a Cross victory

## Eagles vs. Crusaders

One of the oldest rivalries in collegiate football receives its annual renewal in a few weeks when the Boston College Eagles meet the Holy Cross eleven at Braves Field in Boston.

Holy Cross and Boston College first met in 1896, and they will meet for the forty-fifth time on December 2 in what comes down to the big game of the year for both clubs.

Over the years, Boston College has won 22 games against 19 for the Crusaders, and three contests have ended in ties. The series has seen some of the greatest games in eastern football. There have been some tremendous upsets, but down through the seasons these two great Jesuit institutions have become rivals of the proportions of Yale-Harvard or Army-Navy.

This year they will battle for the championship of New England. Both the Eagles and Crusaders have developed their usually fine clubs. Holy Cross is coached by Eddie Anderson and Boston College by Denny Myers, starting his seventh season at the Heights.

Few fans will ever forget the great 55 to 12 upset dealt the Eagles by Holy Cross in 1942. Boston College had the greatest college team in the country that year and many said they could have beaten the Chicago Bears, the number one pro club of that era. But Holy Cross ran roughshod over B.C. that Saturday. The Eagles got some measure of revenge last year by trampling a sub-par Holy Cross eleven, 76 to 0. There will be fire in the eyes of both clubs when they clash this season.

Both Anderson and Myers boast good young clubs. Each school will have completed their usually tough schedules

when they meet and may not have top records in the won-lost column. But this will be a game where you can toss out the window all previous performances. This is one of those contests where anyone can win.

## Song about Sam

At the twenty-eight minute mark in the St. Bonaventure-Lemoyne basketball game, the Lemoyne five, which had led all the way, had increased its lead to 12 points when time was called. The Bonnies' seven-game winning streak seemed on its way out the window.

Coach Ed Milkovich, desperate for something to say to relieve the tension the Bonaventure team was laboring under, walked slowly toward his group. Before he reached his players, he was astounded to see the boys break out into laughter.

Not one to take a loss lightly, Milkovich charged into the group and asked, "What's so funny?"

"Nothing, coach," replied Sam Urzetta, the team's playmaker. "I only said, 'Come on, gang. Quit the worrying. Those baskets can't refuse us all night.'"

That light touch was just what the Indians needed, for they tied the score within the next few minutes at 38-all and won going away, 51-44, to keep their record unsullied.

This anecdote is mentioned here because we think it must have been the same sense of humor and that same determination to win that carried Sam Urzetta to an even greater triumph in another sport. For, of course, you must know we are writing about Sam Urzetta, the United States Amateur Golf Champion.

Going through to the finals of as

grueling a competition as there is in the game of golf must have been tough enough, but beating a veteran campaigner like Frank Stranahan for the crown really put the stamp of greatness on young Sam.

So this fine all-around athlete from Rochester, New York, added golfdom's most coveted amateur prize to an assortment of lesser titles that had come to him earlier. These included the New York State Amateur Golf Championship in 1948, the Rochester District title in 1947, and several local crowns. Prior to this year's sizzling struggle with Stranahan, Urzetta had gotten as far as the fourth round of the National Amateur in 1949.

Because of his national status as a golfer, Sam's fine basketball playing has been in eclipse, but there are few as good in northern New York. Five feet, eleven inches tall, he has been a regular with the Bonnies for four years since coming out of the service, where he spent three years in the European theater. The steadiness that has marked his play on the links has been evident in the all-important department of foul shooting. In two years, 1948 and 1950, he led the nation in shooting fouls. In 1948, when he converted 59 out of 64, he was rated the National Champion in this department. In all-around scoring, Urzetta scored a total of 557 points in his four years.

The twenty-four-year-old athlete will never forget Sunday, August 27, when a crowd of three thousand, most of them Sammy's East Rochester neighbors, swarmed about the airport waiting for him to return from his amateur golf triumph. White-haired Mrs. Carmine Urzetta stood placidly in the center of the crowd. Beside her stood Sam's father, and clustered about was a host of civic and golf officials. As Sam stepped from the big plane, the Rochester Gas and Electric Company chorus, accompanied by the East Rochester Drum and Bugle Corps, serenaded the Champ.

After the introductions, Sam stepped to the microphone. "Thanks for your prayers," he said quietly. "I'm glad I could bring the prize home to the greatest little town. I hope that someday I can bring the National Open Trophy back to East Rochester."

But, according to *Golf World*, which covered the happy festivities, there was one somber note. Sam's sister said sadly, "Now he belongs to a lot of other people. We don't even know what his plans are for today. If we want to know, we have to find out from a stranger. But that's the way it should be. Sam's a champ because a lot of other people helped him."

Sam's mother remained placid through it all.



Jumbo Yonaker . . . Determination made him All-American



Sam Urzetta . . . He's handy with a golf club too

# THE *Sign* POST

by ALOYSIUS McDONOUGH, C.P.

"The Sign Post" is an information service for our readers. Letters of inquiry should be addressed to "The Sign Post," c/o THE SIGN, Union City, N. J. Inquiries should pertain to the faith, practices, and history of the Catholic Church. Inquirers should identify themselves by giving name and address. Anonymous letters will be disregarded. Questions are not answered by private reply. Personal problems of conscience—especially marriage cases—should be referred to one's pastor or confessor.

## History of the Church

Please recommend a history of the Church for a non-Catholic.—L. M., NUTLEY, N. J.

A reliable history book is one of the best ways to study and appraise the Catholic Church. Well-written history is not a mere record of what happened, when. When history is properly interpreted, events are traced to causes: thus, the history of the Church exemplifies her moral health and immortality, despite the contagion of ancient, medieval, and modern paganism, and argues her divine origin and support.

Among the very many histories available, there is a brief and inexpensive book, entitled *The Church in United States History—America's Debt to Catholics*—published by Our Sunday Visitor Press of Huntington, Indiana. Much wider in scope, and presenting a panoramic history of the Church throughout the world, is *Church History*, by Poulet-Raemers, published by the B. Herder Book Co., 15-17 S. Broadway, St. Louis, Missouri. To help your non-Catholic friend keep pace with "the march of time," why not treat her to a gift subscription to a representative Catholic paper, such as *The Tablet* of Brooklyn, or *The Catholic News* of New York and New Jersey?

## Christian Science—Dianetics

How about the many healings claimed by Christian Science?—M. J., BAYVILLE, N. Y.

What is to be thought of the latest rage—Dianetics?—G. J., SANTA MONICA, CALIF.

We have linked these two questions because there seems to be some kinship between the alleged objectives of Christian Science and of Dianetics.

For a comprehensive survey of the ridiculous origin and peculiar history of Christian Science, we recommend a fifteen cent booklet, published by Radio Replies Press, St. Paul 1, Minnesota—*Quizzes on Christian Science*. While it cannot be contended that no Christian Scientist ever helped himself or others—directly along psychological lines and indirectly within the sphere of the physical—such progress can be made by any competent psychiatrist. But no disciple faithful to the tenets of Mrs. Baker Eddy would ever be granted a license to practice medicine or psychiatry.

"The latest rage" is publicized in the so-called best seller, entitled *Dianetics, The Modern Science of Mental Health*,

by L. R. Hubbard. In the preface it is claimed that the author has discovered a technique which "will invariably cure all psychosomatic ills and human aberrations." However, on September 8, the American Psychological Association, assembled at State College, Pennsylvania, appealed to psychologists—"in the public interest"—not to resort to the techniques peculiar to Dianetics. The Association inveighed against the unsupported claims of this therapy and referred to it, in part, as "a hodgepodge of accepted therapeutic techniques with new names."

The pseudo religion called Christian Science is, of course, repudiated by the Church as one of the worst possible travesties of Christianity. Thus far, however, the Church has had no occasion to make any pronouncement in specific reference to Dianetics. But the Church's general attitude toward any such theory and claim is well represented in the recent cautionary words of His Holiness: "Let no Christian, therefore, embrace eagerly and lightly whatever novelty happens to be thought up from day to day, but rather let him weigh it with painstaking care and a balanced judgment, lest he lose or corrupt the truth he already has. . . ." If you have filed your "Sign Post," reread "Reliable Psychotherapy," issue of January, 1949.

## Handicap

Is there any religious order that would accept as a lay brother one who, while otherwise in good health, has lost his hearing completely?—J. M., JANESVILLE, WIS.

As a general rule, any applicant for admission to a religious order must have the use of all his senses. However, it is possible that an exception might be made in favor of this aspirant, provided that in other respects his qualifications counterbalance the handicap of total deafness. Possibly, this reply may serve as an advertisement in his behalf.

## Guilty or Not Guilty?

Motivated by fear of reprisals, Zulner, the handwriting expert of Hungary, forged the Cardinal Mindszenty signature to a bogus confession. Was his action justifiable? If a Catholic were in a similar predicament, would his co-operation with the enemies of the Church be justifiable if he had dependent children?—B. D., BUFFALO, N. Y.

In any such case, co-operation with unjust aggressors would be, albeit reluctant, nonetheless actual and fraught with extremely grave consequences to the victim. Presumably, Zulner was fully aware of the grim circumstances relevant to the trial of the Catholic Church in the person of Cardinal Mindszenty.

To begin with, forgery is not a mere exercise of skill in the imitation of another's handwriting. It is a fraudulent act and, therefore, intrinsically wrong. Legally, a forgery is definable as the falsification of writing, whereby the legal rights or obligations of a person are affected. As a matter of positive, deliberate deception, it is wrong in itself as well as

in its ultimate purpose. Forgery is a felonious action, punishable by law. No government can legalize an act of forgery.

In the case under consideration, the forgery was a dishonest, unallowable means of climaxing the mock trial of a person whose innocence was but the more emphasized by resort to such trickery. Hence, Zulner stands indicted not only as a forger but also as an "accessory before and after the fact" in relation to Cardinal Mindszenty's fate.

From what we know of "Iron Curtain" methods of suasion, Zulner's fear of reprisal is most understandable. But, while the motivating force of fear would diminish the guilt of his co-operation in crime, it would by no means justify his action. Once fear is admitted as a justifying excuse for crime, there is no limit to the immoral leeway which would follow logically. If one gangster wants another consigned to a morgue and under threat of death urges a paroled convict to carry out the murder, is the parolee justified in doing so? Most of the Christian martyrs of old and the Catholic martyrs of today have had ample time to experience fear, but their fear did not deteriorate into cowardice.

It is a flimsy argument to maintain that Zulner's refusal to comply would not have thwarted the purposes of a "rigged" court, that some other forger would have been available. In that case, some other person would have been guilty of sinful co-operation—not Zulner.

Were a Catholic confronted by a similar demand, his co-operation with the enemies of the Church would be even more reprehensible than that of a non-Catholic—even though reprisals might extend to his dependent children. The Church's Code of Canon Law leaves no room for doubt as to the seriousness of entering into conspiracy with civil authorities, whereby the rights of the Church would be impeded or whereby the higher prelates of the Church would be cited before civil courts or be subjected to violence.

#### **Mother's Manual**

*Can you recommend any special prayers for an expectant mother?*—T. S., LENOX, MASS.

We can recommend enthusiastically the booklet entitled "Mother's Manual—A Manual of Devotions for Mothers and Expectant Mothers, by A. Francis Coomes, S.J., published by The Queen's Work, 3115 South Grand Blvd., St. Louis 18, Mo. It contains nearly a hundred prayers appropriate to all the anxieties of mothers and mothers-to-be, as well as some very sensible advice on imparting information to curious youngsters.

#### **Ersatz Literature**

a) *What should be done about the enclosed vicious literature, which is being mailed even to Catholic families?*—M. T., CICERO, ILL.

b) *I sent the June issue of "The Sign" to the author of enclosed clipping which appeared in the "Des Moines Register." How can I enlighten him as to similar false charges of persecution, elsewhere, by the Catholic Church of today?*—P. K., DAVENPORT, IOWA.

a) The sample leaflets enclosed betray a hinterland mentality and indicate abysmal ignorance as well as mulish bigotry. To educated Protestants as well as Catholics, the output of the Pilgrim Tract Society of Randleman, North Carolina, of the Osterhus Publishing Co., of Minneapolis, Minnesota, and similar groups is so absurd as to be amusing, were it not so sadly symptomatic of unrepresentative Christianity. Even though it entail bypassing an opportunity to meet ten \$5,000 challenges—such as "\$5,000 reward to any Roman Catholic who shall produce a text from the inspired word to prove that we ought to pray for the dead; that St. Peter was the Bishop of Rome; that the Pope of Rome is the Vicar of Christ or the successor of St. Peter"—we recommend that you

disregard the trash. Burn it out of circulation. As for allegations typified by the charge that we Catholics are conspiring to turn the USA over to the Pope as a temporal ruler, it would be futile to debate with such minds. Pray for them, earnestly and calmly.

b) We recommend that for a refutation of all such charges you keep an alert eye trained not only upon Catholic diocesan papers, upon the national Catholic *Register* published at Denver, Colorado, but also upon the columns of secular papers. Those who slant the news unfairly, such as American correspondents in Spain, have been thoroughly refuted even in the secular press. At least as much attention is paid to Senator Owen Brewster of Maine as to Homer Bigart. In all probability, the hue and cry as to the persecution of Protestants by the Catholic Church in Spain, stems from the reporting of Bigart, *et al.* The non-Catholic Senator from Maine, after a personal observation tour of Spain, reported to this nation so thoroughly and fairly as to reduce to the absurd the persecution complex which had been so prevalent. A similar example is the exaggerated stoning of Protestants in Italy. How many Baptists were run off the streets of Quebec, and why, we do not know.

"Horror stories," such as any and all of those cited above, should be appraised in perspective; for the most part they originate from anonymous or unreliable sources, refer to two-by-four individuals or groups, and soon peter out for sheer want of verification. If you think the ranting resident of Cedar Rapids and the editors of the *Des Moines Register* will read with an open mind, send them THE SIGN series, now current, on anti-Catholic bigotry in the U. S. A.

#### **"Sign Post" Vocabulary**

*Your column, though very educational, is very difficult for the average person to comprehend. If you would only use less big words and more everyday expressions, it would be helpful for non-Catholics who do not understand so many things Catholic and would like to.*—D. L., NEW YORK, N. Y.

We sincerely welcome your expression of opinion as to "Sign Post" vocabulary. However, surveys indicate that most readers of the "Sign Post" relish its American brand of English and its liberal use of workaday parlance. Aside from formal schooling, most Americans are equipped with an ample vocabulary, because of talkies, radio, TV, and crossword puzzles. Even conversation with barbers and taxi drivers exemplifies that fact. True, bedtime stories for tots call for one-syllable words; some people favor the tabloids because of mental laziness; but the "Sign Post" is an information service for earnest readers who wish to precision their knowledge. Exact knowledge clamors for a precise vocabulary.

#### **Internal Sins**

*What is meant by internal sins?*—K. R., CHEVY CHASE, MD.

In the strict sense of the term, an internal sin is one that is committed within the privacy of one's mind and heart, without being in any way externalized. Examples would be offenses against the Ninth and Tenth Commandments of God or any other sins of thought or desire. In a wider sense, however, every sin that is externalized is also an internal sin—planned and decided upon by mind and will as a preliminary to being fully actualized. For example, if a man does his utmost to kill another unjustly, but fails either accidentally or by being thwarted, he is nonetheless guilty of murderous intentions. If, because of the vigilance of guards or for any other reason, a bandit were forced to cancel or postpone a payroll robbery, he would be guilty of grave sin against the Seventh Commandment, even though not obliged to restitution. Depending upon his intentions, he might be guilty in connection with the Fifth Commandment, also.

### Saint Mary Goretti

I missed "The Sign" publicity on the new girl martyr, whose canonization was brought about by the Passionist Fathers. Where can I catch up on the story?—H. C., PITTSBURGH, PA.

If you have a copy of THE SIGN for May, 1950, read "Teen-Age Saint." One of the latest and best accounts of the girl martyr has been authored by the Rev. Kenan Carey, C.P.; it is entitled: *Maria Goretti, The Cinderella Saint*, and can be ordered from THE SIGN Press. Price per copy, ten cents plus three cents postage.

### Fast Before Feast?

Someone contends that in the Church it is always a case of "fast before a feast." Is that correct?—R. S., NEW YORK, N. Y.

No. Fittingly, certain feast days throughout the calendar year of the Church are preceded by a day of penance, consisting of both fast and abstinence. Most days of the year are feast days, respectively, of some saint or other. However, only a few feast days are so important as to be holydays of obligation. In this country, the holydays preceded by a day of fast and abstinence are the vigil of (the day before) Pentecost Sunday, the vigil of the feast and holyday of Our Lady's Assumption to Heaven (August 14), the vigil of All Saints Day (October 31), and the vigil of Christmas (December 24). The vigil of Ascension Thursday is not a day of fast or of abstinence.

### Drug Store Problem

As proprietor of a drug store and as a Catholic, what should I do? The demand for contraceptives is such as to add up to a major percentage of income. If I refuse to stock that line of merchandise, my customers will resent it. Aside from resentment, they will shop elsewhere as a matter of convenience.—M. T., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Conscientious objection to unnatural birth control is not only a dictate of the Catholic conscience. Since that means of birth control is diametrically in conflict with the laws of nature, so too the purchase, sale, and use of contraceptive devices and prescriptions.

From your communication, it is clear that you never did share the immoral viewpoint of such customers, that, at most, you had tried to "play neutral" by selling on a demand-supply basis. Your recent decision to no longer stock contraceptive merchandise is not only most commendable, but also gravely obligatory for a Catholic pharmacist.

The salient point of your moral problem is that of co-operation in the grave sin of others. In an issue of this kind, a so-called neutral stand is indefensible. Were it a question of selling a commodity which might or might not be put to a sinful use, it would be quite different. For example, a gunsmith need not question a customer as to whether he intends to use a gun for hunting, for self-defense, or for murder. But there is only one purpose for which contraceptives are adapted—a purpose which is gravely and intrinsically immoral and unallowable.

It would be a specious argument to contend that, since customers can readily procure contraceptives elsewhere, your boycott of the trade would be ineffectual. You would not be the one guilty of co-operation. Nor would you be guilty of scandal to Catholics and non-Catholics by an apparent, implicit endorsement of unnatural birth control.

To come to grips with the financial angle of your problem is not easy. You have manifested good salesmanship by substituting other, attractive lines of merchandise for men and women, with a view to auxiliary income. It seems safe to say

that, while you will undoubtedly lose the trade of many customers, you will also retain the trade of many and gradually gain new ones—once it becomes known that your store does not cater to that kind of customer. You can be optimistic as to a wholesome reaction that should pay even financial dividends.

Apropos of the above and allied problems, there is only too much inclination to pussyfoot. No matter how popular a vogue may become, paganism is still incompatible with unadulterated Christianity. It will be tonic to your Christian fortitude to know that, as recently as last September, the Vicar of Christ addressed the International Convention of Catholic Pharmacists as follows: "The moment a preparation—by its nature and the intention of the customer—is meant to be used for an immoral purpose, no matter under what pretext, you cannot allow yourselves to co-operate." His Holiness exhorted his audience to endeavor to rally public opinion to Catholic teaching and practice, as something identical with the dictates of reason and simple honesty.

### Fact or Fake?

What about the alleged apparitions of the Blessed Virgin during the past few years—are they worthy of credence?  
V. B., GLASGOW, SCOTLAND.

During the past few years, there have been several such claims. Each and every case must be adjudged individually and by competent critics. For example, the alleged apparitions of a few months ago, claimed by a housewife in the midwestern part of this country, seem to be a case of either attempted deception or, at best, of self-delusion. By contrast, the reported visions of one Barbara Reuss, of Germany, seem to be genuine and to deservedly enjoy a preliminary, tentative respect.

This young lady is now about twenty-three years of age. Her visions are dated as of April, May, and June of 1946, and are popularly known as the Apparitions of Pfaffenhausen. Ever since, the most meticulous and competent scrutiny has been focused upon the case, with consequent impressions which are unqualifiedly favorable. It is of basic importance that medical experts have found no indication of hysteria. By reliable observers, the case is considered an echo and confirmation of the Fatima revelations.

It should be emphasized that neither this reply nor any other literature on the subject is intended to anticipate the judgment of the Holy See. A very informative account of the Apparitions of Pfaffenhausen, approved for circulation by the Archbishop of Santa Fe, is available upon application to the Catholic Information Service of New Mexico, P. O. Box 4065, Station A, Albuquerque, New Mexico.

Since Good Friday of 1947, Barbara Reuss has been a recipient of the stigmata—bodily wounds corresponding to those of our Divine Saviour. This phenomenon, if genuine, must necessarily be of divine origin. However, if in years to come this young lady should become a canonized saint, the canonization will not be based upon the marvel of the stigmata but upon her proven heroic virtue, coupled with miracles accomplished through her intercession after her death. So it was in the case of the Italian stigmatist, St. Gemma Galgani, canonized ten years ago by Pope Pius XII.

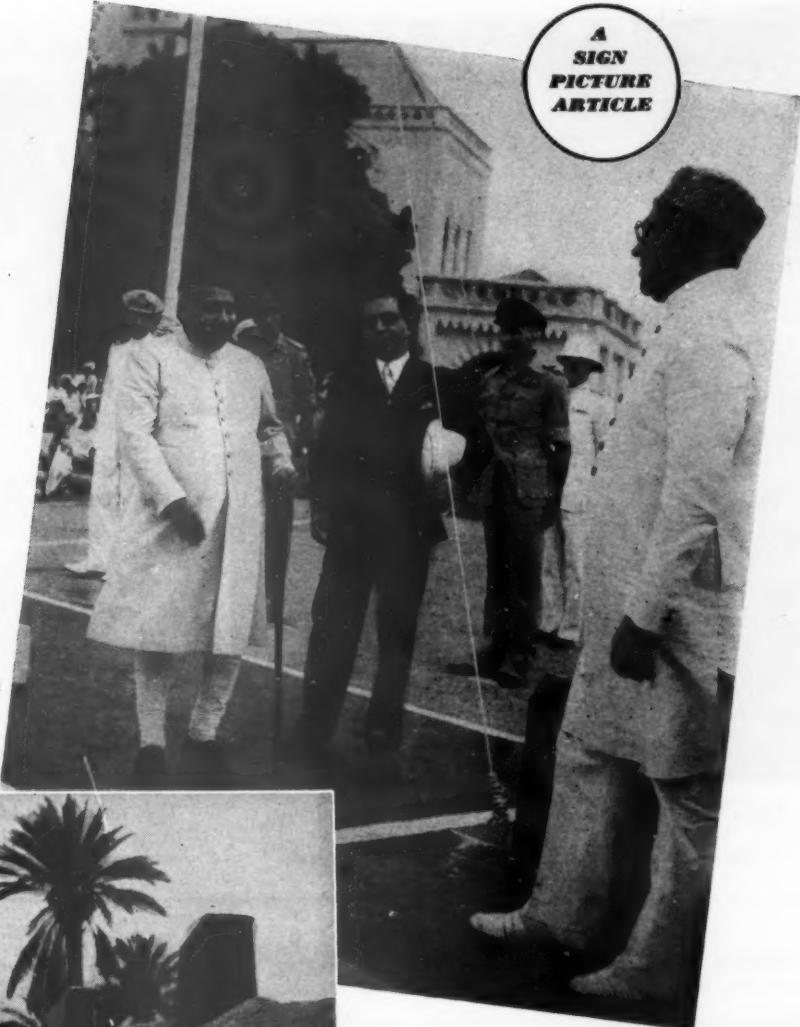
### Please File Your "Sign Post"

Day after day, we receive dozens of inquiries from those who, presumably, are either new readers of the "Sign Post" or who have forgotten what they have read within recent months. Information service to hundreds of inquirers, coupled with space limitation, does not permit repetition. Hence, we recommend that you retain your copies of the "Sign Post" for ready reference. Up-to-date libraries under Catholic auspices have THE SIGN on file.

# Pakistan Today

A new state is born and  
grows in this age of  
turmoil and strife

A typical scene in one of the small villages. Windows are built on the top of the roof to catch the ocean breezes.



At left, Governor General of Pakistan Mr. Nazimuddin with his Prime Minister, Liyakat Ali Khan.

FOR three years now Pakistan has been an independent state. And though the Pakistani have rejoiced in the realization of their independence, they are acutely aware that it is seriously threatened. As in all countries in southeast Asia, the danger of invasion by Communist armies is very imminent. At the same time she has been on the verge of war with India over Kashmir and is constantly alerted by the warlike gestures of the Afghans to the North.

Despite all of this, Pakistan, which is situated in an area where poverty and starvation are prevalent, is now producing more than enough food for her seventeen million inhabitants. Her plans for industrialization are all made, but, unfortunately, over 50 per cent of the revenues must be spent for defense. Yet a modern Pakistan is rising, as can be seen from the pictures.



The "Mother of the Nation," Miss Fatima Jinnah. Her brother (picture on the wall) died but is considered the actual founder of the new state.



The new state of Pakistan leaped from feudalism to modern technique. As in the United States, well-equipped photographers cover all important events.

Pakistan trains women for army service. Below, review staged for the visiting Shah of Persia.



The president of the Cotton Exchange, Haji Khoda, at right is the state's leading exporter.





Pakistani are very fond of motion pictures and wait in line for the front door to open. Many new motion picture theaters are being built in cities.



The portrait of Jinnah is to be seen everywhere in Pakistan. A member of the Moslem National Guard stands watch before the legacy of the new state.

The Parliament Building, one of the most modern structures in Karachi, the capital of Pakistan.



Different from Karachi is the shore of the Indus River, which has changed little through the years.



# FRIENDS OVERSEAS

by MARY TINLEY DALY



*Though a barrier of sea and language separates them, the Maerkens family of Aachen, Germany found real and lasting friends in . . .*

**W**E "ADOPTED" our European family more than two years ago.

And now they have "adopted" us—or something. It's hard to explain, for there is no sense of "adoption" or sponsorship on either side. The fact is, we have made friends with people we have never seen, probably never will see, yet in a way they are as close as blood relatives and as dear as friends.

Our German family was adopted quite by accident: a newspaper with a casual picture of two of our children was used as stuffing in a package sent overseas; fourteen-year-old Ilse in the Russian Zone saw the picture, wrote to the children, the parents wrote us—and thus started one of the most heart-warming relationships of our lives.

This incident was recounted in *THE SIGN* of February, 1949, also the fact that the National Council of Catholic Women had names of carefully selected families overseas in need of American sponsorship, and that N.C.C.W. would translate letters free of charge.

The response was immediate and tremendous and N.C.C.W. received many requests for families. Had these other readers of *THE SIGN* had the same delightful experience that we had? Inquiry at N.C.C.W. and a look at the files answered our question.

There is, for instance, the Waterhouse-Tapp friendship, begun as a gesture of Christian charity and grown into as warm and human a relationship as the mutual feeling you and the-folks-down-the-street have for each other. But why talk about it? Actual quotes show the development of this camaraderie:

First came a postcard to N.C.C.W.

from Wheeling, West Virginia. "Please send name of family. Yours truly, Mrs. Jack Waterhouse."

Name routinely supplied: "Mr. and Mrs. Tapp-Greiff. French Zone, Germany. Husband returned sick from Russian prison camp. Lost all furniture as result of war. Four children."

From the Waterhouse family in Wheeling went a package and a letter; then a request to N.C.C.W. to translate a letter from the Tapps. After thanks, Mrs. Tapp continues: "You can hardly imagine, Mr. and Mrs. Waterhouse, our surprise on the arrival of your letter. A letter from America—who could be writing us? You were correctly informed about the make-up of our family, only it was increased on August 23 by a pair of twins! Their names are Johanna-Maria and Franz Josef. Of course, the need in which we find ourselves is increased accordingly, but God did not delay long with His help. Your letter arrived several days later."

Two more parcels from Wheeling, West Virginia to Oberemmel, French Zone . . . Another letter from the Tapps sent for translation:

" . . . First I must explain. I, not my wife, wrote the first letter, but it was at her dictation. My wife cannot write because of her weakness after the birth of the twins. You can imagine how it was with us—I without work or income, every source used up. Indeed, I do not know when I will be able to mail this letter, for I am without a cent. This is a description of our position. I would have written and expressed my thanks if I had only had the means—the price of a stamp! Please pardon this frank-

ness, but I must be so in order not to be misunderstood. I am by profession an administrator. Almost on the same day as the birth of our twins, God gave us an announcement of help through your first letter. Then your parcel arrived and word that I would receive an appointment. All this gives me impetus to work with all my strength. No war, nor Russian captivity, nor our present need could separate us from our Catholic belief. Our circumstances were entirely different before the war.

"Thanking you again most heartily, I am gratefully,

"Matthias Tapp (Matthias)"  
And a pathetic little scrawl: "Many kind regard, Your Maria Tapp."

Next a letter from the Waterhouses of Wheeling asking for a translation and an addendum to N.C.C.W.: "Perhaps it is a combination of wonderfully good translation and Mr. Tapp's splendid gift of expression, but we do indeed find the interchange of letters a source of inspiration. We do, as I wrote the Tapps, feel like better people for having known them. Sincerely, Rita Waterhouse."

**T**RANSLATION that went to Mrs. Waterhouse: "Dear Rita and Jack: "Many heartfelt thanks. Although we cannot do anything for you dear people, we will include the Waterhouse Family in our prayers. We ask you, and very especially Maria asks, that you write often.

"Maria has the feeling that she has never in her life had the same feeling of confidence and trust toward any people she has known as with you, whom we know only through your letters and



. . . the McClain family of Valley Park, Illinois. A penny postcard sent to N.C.C.W. was the means of starting this friendship

gifts. My personal reaction is the same. These are not material considerations, but it is the spiritual kinship which unites us to one another . . . The Tapp-Greiff Family."

**S**CARCELY a month later, Mrs. Waterhouse sent N.C.C.W. another letter for translation, with the comment: "Little did I dream when I wrote N.C.C.W. for a 'name' that so much personal pleasure and inspiration would result from the developing friendship of our adopted family."

Translation of the letter: "Dear Rita and Jack, Once again you have surprised us with the foodstuffs and the coat. Maria is beside herself with joy. It is hard to portray how valuable all these things are for us. Although I have been working, it is still almost impossible to buy clothing. The cost of living is simply too high.

"Please do not let us wait too long for a letter, for man does not live by bread alone. You know how devoted we are to you, not only because of your gifts but much more because of your sympathy and understanding. I will not say more—for the Waterhouses understand by now how we feel. Yours, Matt."

And all that from Mrs. Waterhouse's postcard to N.C.C.W.!

Then there was the request from the McClain family on an acreage near St. Louis: "Although we are a large family having a struggle right now, I feel that

we should try to help some needy family," Mrs. McClain wrote—and received the name of the Familie Maerkens.

Translation of letter to McClain family: "Dear McClain Family. With exceeding joy we received your kind letter and a few days later your lovely parcel. I could wish that you could have seen how happy our oldest son, Joseph, was when he put on his new underdrawers today. I used some of the lovely coffee for my 72-year-old mother. We faithfully remember you in our prayers. The Maerkens Family."

And again: "Dear McClain Family, Today we have had great happiness for we too are able to send you a parcel. I am a woodcarver by profession and send you a pair of nice pieces as a small recognition of your kindness. We would wish that it gives you pleasure but do not think that we want to repay you for the beautiful things you have sent us. We only want to show how grateful we are to you."

From Mrs. McClain to War Relief Secretary N.C.C.W.: "We received four lovely carved pieces from the Maerkens. I wish you could see them—they are exquisite!"

From War Relief Secretary to Mrs. McClain along with translation: "We cannot imagine how much good it does the souls of people in impoverished countries to give something to someone else for a change. The Maerkens are experiencing the same Christian luxury which you know, too, and which all other good people have experienced since the coming of Christ . . ."

The preceding cases were of friendships built up on similarity of families:

### A kind, understanding

letter, a bundle of old clothes,  
or a few packages of goods,  
can win you grateful and dear  
friends in some part of  
the world. Your charity will  
be soon richly rewarded

The Waterhouses and the Tapps, young couples who might have belonged to the same circle, except for geographical location and war; the McClains and the Maerkens, young families doing their best to rear families during the precarious days of early marriage.

But the adoption of families seems to give warmth and meaning even when families of widely varying character are assigned, as in the case of the Heydens of Buffalo, N. Y. "After reading THE SIGN, Mrs. Heyden wrote, "we'd like to 'adopt' a European family and send them used clothing. I am not Catholic but hope that won't make any difference. My husband and I, and our five-week-old son Michael, exist on \$120 a month, so you see we cannot afford to help others where money is involved, but this is a project I am sure we can manage. At least we'll try awfully hard."

**T**HE names given the Heydens were of a sixty-five-year-old French couple, in poor health and completely bombed out—but Madame Marchay still had hope, love of life, and eagerness for friendship. Small quotes from letters: "I am truly touched by the attention you are giving us and wish to thank you. . . . On Sunday, on the arm of my husband, we take a walk. . . . I occupy myself in leisure hours by knitting for you, dear Ellen, a sweater. . . . Thank you for your package. . . . You brought good news with word that you are going to have another baby. It is a beautiful family. . . ."

This case speaks for itself: a young American woman living with husband  
(Continued on page 76)

MARY TINLEY DALY, mother of six children, has written for many periodicals on the subject of the family and has a regular feature in NCWC entitled "At Our House."



*George Webber, cameraman, and Charles Skinner, director, of "The Big Story" shown on location*

# Radio and TELEVISION

by  
**DOROTHY KLOCK**

## The Big Story

This department feels that it is a good thing to stand off once in a while and look at an old friend, taking new and seasoned stock of his merits. That is how it is with *The Big Story* in these columns this month. (NBC, Radio, Wednesday, 10:00 P.M., E.S.T., Television, every other Friday, 9:30 P.M., E.S.T.)

The radio version of *The Big Story* has been around for three years and the television twin is now more than a year old. *The Big Story* started out with a big idea, that of the love of truth and justice by the average decent person, and it has done a bang-up job on running that idea into a consistently good radio and television series.

Take an enthusiastic and intelligent reporter. Take a good story which has been covered by his paper—perhaps by him, perhaps not. Take what is to him an unsatisfactory, unsolved angle to the

story which he pursues pretty much on his own and eventually tracks down to the clearing of the mystery. Consider that these are true stories in which present working members of the press have used energy and time, their paper's and their own, and you have the whole picture.

Its origin can be traced to two men, Clement Wyle, writer and keeper of the archives of the late Warden Lewis E. Lawes of Sing Sing Prison, New York, and Bernard Proctor, producer. Wyle now heads the research and writing staff which turns out the radio and television versions of *The Big Story* each week, and Proctor produces both series. Their philosophy is that bloodshed, violence, and fictional coloration should be played down in order to create a gripping show that is truthful and down-to-earth.

In keeping with the series' realistic content, the telecast backgrounds are as authentic as possible, most of them

being filmed on the actual scenes of the stories dramatized. "On location" means just that to Producer Proctor and his crew of seven cameramen, with members of the local community used as incidental characters while professional actors portray the major roles. Special mobile equipment, including a station wagon with a projecting rear camera platform, eases the difficulties of each film-shooting safari.

In keeping with the old adage about the strangeness of truth versus fiction, most of the stories seem too unusual to have happened. Yet, they come from newspaper files.

Probably it is the persistence angle that has the greatest appeal for listeners and viewers of *The Big Story*. Like the Mounties who "get their men," these knights-errant use telephone and typewriter to see that justice is unblinded and the scales balanced.

The acting, direction, and production are excellent. Vladimir Selinsky is the conductor-composer of the music. He claims that the toughest assignment he has ever received was a request for a musical interpretation of silence in a radio *Big Story* program. After twenty-four hours work, Selinsky came up with the required music—a long-sustained chord held by muted brass with harmonies on the strings!

The latest item on *The Big Story* ledger is an arrangement whereby Norman Krasna and Jerry Wald, Hollywood producers, have first call on more than four hundred script properties which have been used in the radio and television series. By their very nature, they make excellent film material, especially when the angle of the reporter's pursuit of justice without desire for personal glory is played up in its right proportions. *The Big Story* is not new to Hollywood. One of its early broadcasts became the basis for the film, *Northside 777*.

Here is an example of how success can be achieved in radio and television programming by finding a good and worthwhile idea and staying with it. The reporter each week is the "friend of the little guy who has been wronged." We cannot all be the righters of wrongs, but we can be in there rooting for the fellow who does the job so that truth and justice will prevail.

## Television Tidbits

**STUDIO 8-H**, the world's largest radio studio, in National Broadcasting Company headquarters in Radio City, New York, is being rebuilt as one of the world's largest television studios. All of the structure inside the studio is being removed. A new overhead of steel construction will utilize thirty tons of steel. The balcony of the studio will be re-

built as a control room, observation room, and dressing rooms. When it is completed, the new television studio will have ten thousand feet of usable space.

**STAR OF THE FAMILY** is a CBS item in which the perennial Morton Downey stars, sings, and interviews guest artists (Friday, CBS-TV, 10:00 P.M., E.S.T.).

**TURKEY AND CHARLIE McCARTHY**, the latter on television, will arrive together this year. Thanksgiving Day is the date and the time is to be announced. Edgar Bergen, Charlie's mentor, has done a good deal of refresher work in stagecraft and showmanship in preparation for the television debut.

**ABOUT THE HOUSE** is the title of a new CBS early afternoon, hour-long, five-a-week show for women, offering useful household information in an entertaining manner, starring Lydia Rogers and Woody Klose. Each program takes place on a set depicting Miss Rogers' living room and kitchen, where she demonstrates step and timesavers in routine housework, helpful hints on bringing up children, using tools, interior decorating, etc. Klose gives the man's point of view in housework, questioning her theories and dispensing repair and maintenance advice.

#### You Ought To Know That . . .

**HOME-STUDY COURSES** are offered by several colleges and universities in conjunction with the NBC Theatre and the *American Forum of the Air*. The latest NBC program used as the basis for a home-study course, this time under the aegis of Brooklyn College, is the *NBC Symphony*.

**HONEST HAROLD** is the newest role to be played by Harold Peary of Great Gildersleeve fame. "Honest Harold" is a radio commentator on a station in a small town, with a program sponsored by a shampoo manufacturer. You can take it from there, if you want to, on Wednesday evenings at 9:30 E.S.T., on NBC.

**ONE NATION INDIVISIBLE** is one of CBS' latest bids in the direction of public service programs on public affairs. CBS White House correspondent Charles Collingwood interviews key government administrators (Sunday, 10:30 P.M., E.S.T.).

**JOINING A MANHUNT** is what NBC invites you to do on *Wanted*, its current series about public enemies and escaped criminals who are at large. Each program is devoted to the story of one individual (Friday, 10:00 P.M., E.S.T.).

#### A spiritual thought for the month



## The challenge of Prayer

by WALTER FARRELL, O.P.

**N**ovember is the month when the swelling chorus of the praying Church reaches a magnificent crescendo: the month of all the saints in heaven praying for us, of all the saints in purgatory depending on our prayers, of all the saints on earth depending on heaven and ministering to purgatory. On the word of the Mother of God herself, men must pray now as never before as the world reaps a harvest of death, suffering, and sin. In the face of this privilege of joining in the family chorus of prayer, and of the desperation that stabs at the heart of men and women over the world, why do we pray so little and so feebly?

The Catholic faces no intellectual difficulty about prayer. Others are paralyzed by the conviction that prayer is of no use, seeing the world as a chaotic moment without reason or purpose, or as a fatalistic course of events that not even God Himself can influence; or they are disgusted by their erroneous view of prayer as the whining of a beggarly man cajoling a capricious God for favors. If there are barriers to our prayers, they are not intellectual but moral impediments. What are these things that keep us from responding to urgent pleas of Our Lady, from wholehearted participation in the praying Church, from offering to a desperate world its surest remedy? It is easy enough to give these barriers concrete names: cowardice, dishonesty, ingratitude, and pride; but the very baseness of the names seems to exonerate us.

Even the smallest of our prayers, directed at the most petty object, always carries within itself an order to grace and glory, to divine life in us and its fulfillment in the vision of God; for all of our prayers are said in submission to the divine will. This means that there is a great wisdom in every prayer: the wisdom that asks mercy only of God and asks of all others no more than their prayers; the wisdom that prays to Our Lady, the angels, the saints, not as if they must make known our petitions to God, not as though they could grant us grace and glory, but, seeing clearly the abyss between

creature and Creator, that they might add their prayers and merits to our own.

The thing we pray for gives nothing to God; rather it asks something of Him. But it does a great deal for us and to us who are doing the praying. We pray, not to change the will of God, but to fulfill it. By this we take up the honest burden of our own labors; we work as effectively for the results of our prayer as a farmer for his harvest by fertilizing his field, or as a teacher spreading truth before the minds of his students. By this we scorn the role of the adult brats who in their parasitical helplessness do nothing for themselves.

On the other hand, the petition, the prayer itself, does indeed give something to God. By it we confess our need of Him; we admit that in Him there is power, mercy, justice, goodness, and all the rest that gives reasons for hope for an answer to our prayer. By this fact we subject ourselves, rejecting the proud man's stupid insistence on suffering his need in preference to humbling himself by asking for help.

Finally, every prayer proceeds from a petitioner, the man who is doing the praying. He does his praying with his mind, so he alone in all the universe is capable of praying; and by that prayer he subjects what is noblest in himself, his mind, to the Almighty.

It takes courage to pray, because it takes courage for a man to take up his honest burden and help himself by his labors. It takes honesty to pray, the honesty that refuses to deny to God what is His due. There must be gratitude in prayer, a gratitude that delights in the magnificence of the power, the mercy, the goodness of the Infinite. And, of course, a proud man cannot pray without his whole fictional world tumbling about his ears by the admission that there is One above him.

Our Lady asked no small thing when she asked men to pray; for this is to ask for men and women who are wise, who have courage, honesty, gratitude, and humility.

# *Awakening in Middlesax*

by

**ANNE WEST**

**Julian had found peace  
in Middlesax, but to his  
wife the town was a  
web of frustration from  
which they must escape**

THE voices reached Kay from across the hall, and they were like the tinny, repetitious music on a merry-go-round—music you couldn't escape until the thing came to a dead stop and the ride was over.

She stopped brushing her hair and smiled crookedly. The analogy was apt. The ride was over! Or would be as soon as she got to the office, confronted Julian with the letter, and told him. "I'm

through. I can't stand it any longer. If Middlesax is more important to you than our marriage . . ." She had rehearsed the words in her mind, but she hadn't been able to say them aloud.

The voices rose and overlapped. Mrs. Crain and Mrs. Hardesty. Engaging in that endless chatter about curtains and rheumatism and the Polk baby that was still in the oxygen tent.

She eased the door of her own two rooms shut. Did they never run down? If only Julian were here on weekdays to see how it was, maybe he'd understand . . .

*Maybe!* Julian was callous to understanding any more. He was on the same merry-go-round as the citizenry of Middlesax—riding a daily circle of pettiness. She laid her brush on the dresser and

*She could hear voices mingling and rising from Main Street's*

looked out the window, across the roofs and yards to the fields. It still amazed her, how you could be in the heart of town and yet see open country. The empty narrowness of it! Look out the front door and see most of Main Street—the post office, the bank, the grocery stores. Look out the south window to the high school, the ball park, the library. Look out here and see cows and crossroads and highway. *Highway—the one thing that escaped.*

She had tried to tell Julian, but he had only smiled and said, "It's these rooms. It won't seem that way when we've found a place of our own to live—a house, with a yard."

He hadn't understood. They'd lived in a one-room efficiency apartment near Central Park the first year they were



ILLUSTRATED BY MARSHALL BOULDIN

from Luigi's cubbyhole. The door opened slightly

married and it had never seemed cramped. Because in it there had been the heavenly assurance that interesting things—and people—hummed all around them, within easy reach.

She had wanted to remind him. But he was so wrapped up in the present that there seemed no time in him for the past. *He was happy in Middlesex!* Happy as a child with a bright, newly painted wagon.

Only the paint wasn't going to wear off for him. Now—after six months—she could see that.

It was ironical to remember how blithely she had entered into this with him, how quickly she had agreed to leaving New York and coming here. It had been so heavenly to have him back again, after the war. To find him not

changed—the same dark-eyed, smiling Julian, mad about her, mad about their life together. It had taken her more than a year to learn that he was no longer so mad about his work. That the by-line "Julian Burney" meant less than nothing to him any more. That the old fire-engine routine of big assignments and walloping deadlines left him only tense and straining—with the eagerness washed out. She had thought perhaps it was his nerves, that the years overseas might have been more wearing than had first been apparent. Maybe he needed a change.

That was why the idea hadn't startled her too much when he'd first mentioned it. "I'd like to have a try at running a little country paper," he'd said one night, when they were having dinner

at Luigi's. "There's one for sale in a little spot called Middlesex. A sergeant friend of mine got wind of it . . ."

She had protested mildly. "But what do we know about little towns? We're dyed-in-the-wool New Yorkers."

"I spent some time in them when I was still in the States, in training," he'd reminded her thoughtfully. "And then, across—there were the villages." He'd raked his fork along the tablecloth. "Little towns are like families," he'd added, with a strange softness. "They may bicker and bite somewhat, but their hearts are big as elephants and they wrap themselves around you in a nice, friendly way. Life never gets too desperate or mixed-up in them."

She had laughed. "Rave on. You sound positively bucolic."

ANNE WEST has published fiction and articles in a number of magazines in this country and Canada, including *Mademoiselle*, *Woman's Day*, *Extension*, *Toronto Star Weekly*, etc.

And she had given in. Without protest. Actually, it had sounded like something of a lark. It had been April; in another two months, she had reminded herself, New York would be steaming. This Middlesax would be cooler—and maybe fun—for awhile. By the end of August, Julian would have had enough of it. They'd advertise the paper (didn't little ones like that always sell quickly?), and head back to sanity. Ty Bannister would keep Julian's place open on the *Star*, and they'd swing back into things as if they'd never been away.

Now it was mid-October, and the strain was gone, all right. Julian had relaxed like a happy puppy-like one that had found its place before a warm fire and never wanted to get up. The paper was coming along handsomely under his touch, and he kept busy, interminably so; but in a gentle, unhurried way. She didn't doubt that he knew five-sixths of the townspeople by their first names. And everyone knew him. It was impossible to walk beside Julian and carry on any decent kind of conversation. He was continually bobbing his head and saying, "Hello yourself," or "How's Nellie today?"

Some of the people she had met had whispered to her, in a childishly confidential way, that "Mr. Burney is doing a lot for Middlesax. We've never had a real newspaperman like him before, and for him to stand up, so plain, for the right things . . ."

JUST their rooms at Mrs. Swint's, the only living quarters they'd been able to find when they came, had seemed to worry him. "I'm sorry about them, Kay," he'd said frequently, hoping, she knew, that she'd give the nod to one of the little "for-sale" places he had so painstakingly tracked down. But she'd found careless, casual faults with all of them. It had been easy—with the first ones. Like shells they were, flimsy and not modern. But the little house Julian had got a lead on last week—it was sweet and sparkling and compact, an unbelievable gem in Middlesax and in these times. Julian had stared at her, confused, when she had shaken her head.

"But, darling," he'd protested, "you can't like Mrs. Swint's that well. I know this number is no palace. But it's solid, and well arranged, and it has great possibilities. Surely you can see . . ." He hadn't detected that she didn't want to see, that her disgust had ripened into an obsession.

She took the letter from where she

had found it—in one of his suits she was readying for the cleaner's—and stuffed it inside her purse. It was postmarked six weeks ago, from Ty, and there had been an urgency in the writing. They had wanted him back. Either at his old post, with a substantial boost in salary, or in the Washington correspondent spot. He could choose. But it had had to be soon, within ten days.

Washington correspondent? That used to be Julian's private, polished dream. And he hadn't told her about this chance—hadn't even hinted.

She put on her dark green suit and pinned the yellow ascot in place. The weather was crisp now, with a decided fall tang. In New York the new season would be starting. Plays and concerts. And the parties. Exciting things. In Washington? She dared not even think.

Her heels tapped soundly on the bare hall floor—the throw rugs were forever on the fence "airing"—and brought Mrs. Swint and Mrs. Hardesty from the dining room, smiling at her.

"I hope you and Mr. Burney won't be forgetting the waffle supper tonight," Mrs. Swint beamed. "We make right good waffles, if we do say so ourselves."

• A man can fail many times, but he isn't a failure until he begins to blame somebody else.

—BUFFALO NEWS

She moved her head in a noncommittal direction and walked out the door with Mrs. Hardesty, who seemed finally to have made up her mind to leave.

They walked down the street together, Mrs. Hardesty keeping their steps well punctuated with talk. "Has Ida—Mrs. Swint, that is—told you that her youngest girl, Polly, is coming back to Middlesax from Philadelphia next month to live?"

Kay shook her head dully.

"Well, she is. Goin' to work in the telephone office. And she had such a hankerin' for the city too! Guess she'll be right pleased to meet you."

"Why is she coming back?" Kay asked, almost sharply.

"On account of Emily's kids. Emily is Mrs. Swint's second daughter, you know. Her and her husband both got jobs workin' nights. Got three young ones too, under seven. Need somebody to be with 'em nights. It's too bad in a way. Polly had a right good job, I guess. Of course," she added tightly, "why she'd have to go to Philadelphia in the first place, I can't figger. There's plenty nice young fellows around here, and she's bound to get married to one of 'em sooner or later. Just takin' longer about it than most girls, I reckon."

It's the *web*, Kay thought, feeling a

swift stab of sympathy for the girl. *The horrible, unbreakable web.*

Mrs. Swint had given her the word herself—one sultry night when Julian had been at council meeting and she'd taken to the front porch swing for a breath of air. She had been feeling particularly antagonistic toward Middlesax and its confines and had asked point-blank what determined whether people lived in little towns.

MRS. SWINT had rolled and unrolled a corner of her apron and said, "Oh, lots of things, I guess. They just get caught—before they know it—in a kind of web. Not that they mind being caught," she'd added quickly. "Most folks after they've lived here a few years wouldn't trade spots with nobody. You take Clem Dawson, for instance . . ." She'd gone on to tell about different ones, how they'd fallen heir to a hardware store or a filling station, or how they could live cheaper in the home place, or how there'd been somebody sick in the family to stay and look after.

Included in her examples was Bernice Jennings, the woman who kept Julian's books and wrote his "Locals and Personals." "Bernice is a good woman," Mrs. Swint had said complacently, "and smarter than some. But she was left a widow early, and with that boy of hers being not just right somehow—well, folks here have known him from the time he was born and treat him nice. But I guess she's always figured that in a strange place he wouldn't have any friends . . ."

Kay had nodded, and felt a well of satisfaction inside herself. Unwittingly, Mrs. Swint had confirmed one of her private, growing opinions: people stayed because, in one way or another, their sails were trimmed and they didn't have the stuff to do anything about it. They might rebel inside a little at first, but after awhile they settled in a calm and didn't care. She had felt almost sorry for them.

Mrs. Hardesty was turning in at her walk. "Now the waffle supper's at 6:00 sharp. You and Mr. Burney remember. We'll be expectin' you."

Kay refused inside herself to promise. Instead she smiled thinly and said good afternoon. That was the trouble. In a little place, where everybody knew your business, you were *expected* to do thus and so. If you chose differently you were finally beaten down.

The office had its usual cluttered look. Mrs. Jennings was sitting in the little front room with the counter and two desks, her elbows lost in a welter of exchanges. She stood quickly. "Oh, Mrs. Burney!" she said, mildly startled.

"You almost never come down, Kay," Julian had accused her once. "I should think it would be fun for you to look

in once in a while. Life in all its raw complexities moves over that counter, you know."

*Life!* Julian's ideas of what constituted living had undergone considerable change.

"Go right ahead with whatever you're doing, Mrs. Jennings," she said quickly now. "I just wanted to see Mr. Burney for a few minutes."

A few minutes should do it! She'd tell him quickly, quietly, without dramatics. He'd be surprised—though to just what extent she couldn't be sure, not after the house episode last week—and he'd be hurt. He'd probably stare at her numbly, unbelievably, thinking it must be a joke, a bad joke, refusing to accept what she said, refusing in that sweet, solid, impenetrable way he had of seeing only the best in people. Hurting Julian wasn't easy . . .

Talking it over, convincing him that she was serious, would come later. Perhaps tonight when they could drive out somewhere in the car. There was no privacy at Mrs. Swint's. That was why she had come here, to the little cubbyhole of a room he had for his own. Here, where she could be surrounded by the ignominy of the work he had chosen for himself, for them. She had felt that the surroundings would back her up somehow, give example to her words.

"He's inside," Mrs. Jennings was saying, nodding toward his door. "But he has a caller. Dr. Felkner. If you'll just sit down. . . ."

She took the stiff-backed little chair by the stationery stock shelves and watched Mrs. Jennings read proof. People kept walking up and down Main Street outside, and occasionally they tapped on the plate glass and waved at the woman, who looked up, smiled, and bent again to her work.

She seems content, Kay thought, her mind reverting to the talk with Mrs. Swint about her son and being caught here. In fact, the woman had a kind of vital, electric quality that defied sympathy.

**I**N A FEW moments the telephone burred. Mrs. Jennings talked briefly, then stuck a pencil through her hair. "I have to go out for a little. Dr. Felkner ought to be leaving any minute."

"It's all right," Kay said. "I'll wait."

Above the little scattered noises—the leaden, intermittent jangle of the linotype, the thud of the ink roller across the galley proofs, she could hear voices mingling and rising from Julian's cubbyhole. Suddenly there was a hand on the inside knob and the door opened slightly. Her chair was in the far corner, out of sight, but she could hear distinctly now.

"I'll mail the report pronto." That was Dr. Felkner. Bluff. Friendly. "Dr. Maxton should have it by tomorrow."

*Maxton!* That was their doctor in New York! The one they got prescriptions from anyhow. He had an office in the building next to the *Star*. They'd golfed together occasionally.

"He'll be pleased," Julian was saying amiably. "I can hear him now boasting that it turned out to be exactly what the doctor ordered." There was a pause. "Thanks for coming by. I knew it was Friday, all right, but I was stuck with some work here, and now you've saved me a trip up those stairs of yours."

"It's okay," Dr. Felkner was saying. "I'd been out on a case and had all the equipment here in the bag anyhow."

Just inside the door he seemed to turn back. Kay could feel a stifling numbness creeping over her. "This is eight weeks now that your ticker's been keeping sensible time. And the blood pressure—well, it's been down for longer than that, hasn't it? I'd say you're pretty well acclimated and the cure is set. You're good for a full four score and twenty in a spot like this. It happens time and again. You take a temperamental heart out of those seething, rushing stone canyons and put it in a place like Middlesax and it gets healthy and normal eight times out of ten. You're especially lucky, I'd say, because you've got a work that will keep you content. Lots of folks get bored and resentful and go to pieces with the change, but you. . . ."

"It's been the pleasantest dose of medicine I've ever swallowed," Julian was saying firmly. "It's given me a whole new grip on things."

"Mrs. Burney likes it here too, I hope?"

It was a polite, closing-the-satchel kind of question. But suddenly it seemed to hang scythe-like over her.

There was an eternal moment of dead

silence and then, through the fog of it, Julian's voice. "I—don't quite know yet, Dr. Felkner. I guess I've been afraid to ask. I've hoped. . . ."

She couldn't sit there any longer, with the words hammering in around her. Quickly, she stood and darted through the outside door, not looking back.

It was minutes before she took any cognizance of where she was. She had simply walked, hard, fast, not counting the blocks, not seeing anything before her—anything except Julian. Julian with his crazy, exaggerated sense of chivalry, of fair play. He had wanted her to like their new life, inevitably, naturally—not because she felt she had to. He had shielded her, making a game of his worry, hoping her love would be big enough, adaptable enough, to make the shift voluntarily, from the heart.

**H**E HAD trusted Middlesax for its share too. Because he found a charm and a vital wholesomeness there, he had trusted in time she would also. "You have to be big yourself to live in a little place." She had heard him say that once, to some of their friends back in New York. He had said it laughingly, probably to avoid an argument. But the laughter had been only for their observation. Deep inside, he had believed it. and he had believed that she just possibly might be big enough.

The picket fence was what brought her back to herself. The white picket fence with the little pineapple knobs at the gate. Julian had been fascinated by them when they'd driven to the place last week for a look.

The yard was carpeted with leaves from the maples now; behind them, snug and friendly, sat the house, its windows glistening in the late afternoon sun. With a fresh coat of paint, and curtains at the windows. . . .

It was almost 5:30 when she got back  
(Continued on page 79)

### Inexperienced

► They were playing their first game for Coach Lou Little as freshmen and had instructions that if the opening kickoff went into the end zone, whoever caught it was to down the ball and not try to run it out.

The kickoff went to Lou Kusserow over the goal line. He fumbled, recovered, fumbled again, snatched up the ball and started to run.

On the bench, Little turned to his assistant, Buff Donelli.

"I think we'd better get that fellow out of there," he sputtered.

By this time Kusserow was up to the fifteen and seemingly was trapped, but he squirmed away and wasn't caught until he had reached the opponent's ten-yard line.

Little laid a hand on Donelli's arm.

"Let him stay in," he said. "He's only seventeen, and if we take him out now we might shake his confidence."

—Chester Smith in the "Pittsburgh Press"

# Céad Mile Fáilte

"A hundred thousand welcomes"  
to the mercy of God and  
the charity of Christ. Such  
was the greeting ever on  
the lips of Sister Sebastian,  
veteran missionary nun

by

BONAVENTURE GRIFFITHS,  
C.P.

**C**ÉAD MILE FAILTE! It is an ancient Irish greeting and only the Irish can say it. Much of the meaning and all of the poetry is lost in translation. "A hundred thousand welcomes" conveys some of the sense but falls far short of releasing the feeling of grace and warmth, the fond hope of endless good wishes and blessings, the all-embracing solicitude that is contained in "*Céad Mile Fáilte!*"

I heard it often from the lips of a Sister of Charity in that soft, rich beauty which an Irish voice alone seems to possess in caressing the sounds of the Gaelic tongue. She is now dead. She died but a short while ago, apparently from an embolism consequent upon an injury received in a fall.

Sister Sebastian loved life. Her gaiety and light-heartedness just couldn't age, and shed a sparkle that made her own life and the lives of all around her a constantly refreshed existence. That was Josephine Curley's Irish heritage. It made her venture out of her native Galway while in her early teens. America held a fascination for this Irish lass who had already staked out a career for herself. Her charm and talent would have left little, if any, competition had she a worldly career in mind. But she had come from the Isle of Saints. So only one career could satisfy this venturesome colleen, and that a career in the service of God.

The Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent



Recent photo of Sister Sebastian, on duty in Yuanling hospital

de Paul, at Convent, New Jersey, had the good fortune to receive her among their members, where she became known as Sister Sebastian. Years of teaching followed, a rather prosaic occupation for one who had the spirit of an Irish missionary.

For almost twenty years, she possessed her soul until the hoped-for opportunity of becoming a foreign mission Sister presented itself. Shortly after the inception of the Passionist Missions in China, the Sisters of Charity of Convent Station associated themselves with the Passionists in the mission field of Hunan. Sister Sebastian consequently journeyed to China to join the band of valiant nuns in this far-off land.

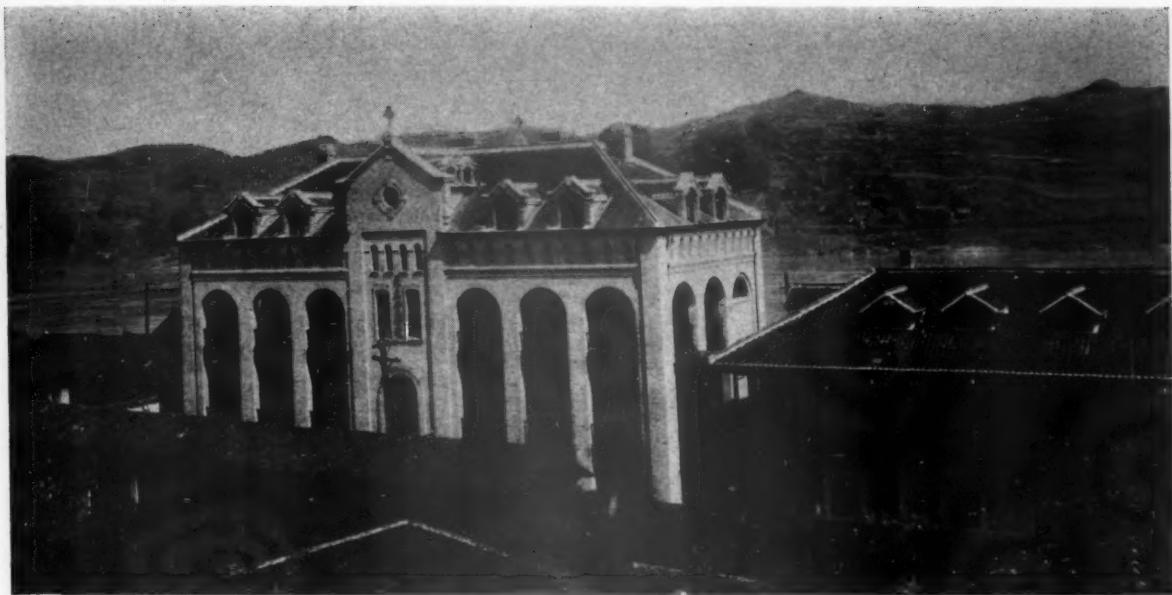
LIKE THOSE SISTERS who had gone before her, she purposely and joyfully chose an adventurous life of exile. Far from home and friends, cut off from their mother community in America except at rare intervals, these noble foreign mission Sisters spend their lives and their talents in caring for the homeless aged and orphaned young, the sick, and in the education of youth. In squalor and disease, in flood and famine, in fire and catastrophe, in every hazard known to man, they have proved themselves angels of mercy. Their heroism far transcends any page of Red Cross history; it surpasses every epic of womanly courage. Unfortunately, much of it will never be known, since modesty ever seals the lips of these handmaids of the Lord.

The sixteen years which Sister Sebastian spent in China up to the time of

her death were eventful ones. Northwest Hunan is a remote region, a rugged area, and it takes a rugged soul to live there. This mission Sister with her companions lived through a succession of famines, pestilences, floods, banditry, civil war, and Communist invasions, these latter not to be confused with the current Red occupation of China. Roaming armies of Communists decimated northern Hunan back in the early thirties. Those trying days were but a prelude to the long years of the Sino-Japanese conflict with all its terrible consequences, bombings, epidemics, and the unending influx of refugees and wounded. Even the short periods of comparative peace were but breathing spells, marking the much longer stretches of stress, anxiety, and sorrow. As a result, Sister Sebastian was veritably nurtured on perils from the very outset of her mission life, as such hazards became an integral part of every day existence.

QUITE APART FROM external dangers lay the strain and tension of attempting to bridge the cleavage between two almost totally different civilizations. A new and difficult language was but the beginning. A completely different manner of thinking had to be mastered and the expression of that thought handled correctly. Nor was it easy to adopt the grace of action inborn in the Chinese, the accomplishment of which is necessary in order to live in China without running the risk of being considered an uncouth foreigner.

Again, take for example the violence a mission Sister must exert on herself



*Mission Hospital of the Passionist Fathers in Yuanling, Hunan, China. Here Sister Sebastian toiled and died*

when coming from streamlined America. She finds herself up against the aggravation of foot-by-foot, slow, plodding methods of travel. Nor does auto transportation offer any great advantage. The physical wear and tear on a passenger in an unupholstered bus that bumps maddeningly over the roughest of roads is appalling. Heatless dwellings with cold mud floors are terribly chilling for a heat-conscious American. Wayside inns which are positive centers of insect life, and where rooting pigs nuzzle sleeping wayfarers, afford nightmares of the most frightening character of the Orient.

The burning summer heat is dangerously enervating to the American constitution, and the hidden squalor of villages and towns breeds the germs that are the source of fearsome epidemics. Water for all purposes is drawn from wells or the nearest rivers, while sewage is disposed of by the simple expedient of digging a ditch along the side of the street. And over all is the infernal din, the almost ceaseless clangor of myriad sounds, the shrill vociferousness resounding everywhere, which might be music to a Chinese ear but is nerve-racking to a foreigner. Amidst all of this was Sister Sebastian's life for sixteen long years.

**Y**EET it cannot be denied that China possesses a charm and a glamour all its own, a flavor and a mellowness that age alone can create. And anyone who has lived in China long enough to absorb the essence of what makes China attractive and charming must ever afterward prepare to be assailed by a gentle nostalgia and indefinable longing to be

amidst the people of that strange land. No wonder the Irish soul of Sister Sebastian fell in love with the people of her adopted country where her own natural gaiety and light-heartedness found an echo in the hearts of the Chinese.

The Sisters are now cut off from direct contact with their homeland, since the "bamboo curtain" in China is every bit as effective as the "iron curtain" in Europe. A new menace threatens them. Seasoned veterans of the missions as they are, it is still an agonizing experience to see the work of years disintegrate.

**J**APANESE bombs destroyed most of the material buildings during the late war. That could be borne patiently and a fresh start made. But for these valiant women to have their work of mercy vilified and themselves made the victims of a mendacious propaganda, that takes courage of the highest sort when with a smile they just carry on as before. Their movements are curtailed, but their efforts have not slackened. The Yuanling hospital remains open for all, the oppressed and the oppressors. Red soldiers, sick or wounded, find their sulken dispositions changed and their suspicions greatly lessened by the charitable ministrations of the Sisters.

This was the wonderful work in which Sister Sebastian spent herself. And even as she nursed those who would destroy both herself and the Church she so nobly served, there is no doubt that many a "*Céad Mile Fáilte*" slipped from her lips—"a hundred thousand welcomes" for these enemies of

God to the mercy of God and the charity of Christ.

Sister Sebastian is buried on the hillside overlooking the city of Yuanling, the scene of her long labors. Coolies sweated to carry her remains, for a Chinese casket is a massive thing. Who knows but that for them it was a labor of love, since so many of the simple poor and the struggling workmen received much at her hands. After the funeral, a mound is raised over the shallow grave and in front a stone slab is placed. On the large upright slab, an artisan with mallet and chisel painstakingly carves in sweeping Chinese characters the identity of Sister Sebastian, missionary Sister of Charity, who in the fullness of charity gave up her life. Nearby lie other mounds and other headstones, all monuments to the supreme charity of those who have given their lives for Christ. Sister Devota, a victim of cholera, Sister Electa and Sister Catharine, victims of typhus, all stricken in the line of duty, and the graves of the three young Passionists who had the distinction of being the first American missionaries to shed their blood in China.

**T**HIS good sister of Charity is now at rest with God and the Saints. *Céad Mile Fáilte* was her welcome to all while on earth. *Céad Mile Fáilte* was her welcome in heaven. The Divine Voice must have thrilled her when the Lord of the Missions welcomed her with her own beautiful salutation. "A hundred thousand welcomes," my child, "a hundred thousand welcomes. Enter thou into the joy of the Lord."



**J**OSEPH P. RYAN, president of the A.F.L. International Longshoremen's Association, says the initials of his union—ILA—stand for "I Love America."

Americans who know Ryan's record find it difficult to return the compliment. Recent activities of his are a case in point.

Last July 4, an ILA local ousted one of Ryan's "boys" from a key position on a New York Harbor pier. Joe Ryan retaliated with a stop-work order. In the war-haunted summer of 1950, two of the busiest docks along America's first line of defense were closed while "King Joe" and his men fought it out.

To members of the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists this is an old story. Twice, in the last four years, ACTU has come to the aid of another rebel ILA faction—local 895, the Greenwich Village local. Both times the issue has been rank-and-file democracy versus dictatorial "Ryanism." Both times Ryan has backed down.



*Anne Donahue photo*

**Doing much to improve conditions is Fr. Edward Head**

Today ACTU's waterfront labor program is based on the lessons learned from these encounters. The program is primarily educational, in keeping with ACTU's purposes. These, in the words of its newspaper, *The Labor Leader*, are "to promote the teachings of Christ and His Church in the American labor movement, and to train men and women to put those teachings into practice."

To "train" the embattled leaders of 895, ACTU last winter set up a labor school in the basement of St. Veronica's—parish church to the local's four hun-

dred members. The school is conducted by Father Edward D. Head. Class instructor is Edward W. Scully, New York attorney and charter member of ACTU. Says Father Head:

"Waterfront labor practices are very bad, but they have the support of powerful elements. For that reason, we're urging the men to concentrate first on small reforms.

"If these small changes can be made through united action on the parish level," Father Head continues, "the rank and file as a whole may be encouraged to act. They can then go out for the big overhauling the waterfront needs."

The New York dock area is a place where crime battens on desperate economic insecurity. A common sight is the little man with the cigar box. Poor Joe Zilch has died. The dock boys will please get up a dollar each for a nice floral wreath. None of them ever heard of Joe Zilch. But all weep—for the dollar that has gone into the greedy maw of New York's underworld.

Fight back, you say? Defy the rackets! You do it, George. The waterfront is a place where jobs come so hard that men are inclined to accept the little incon-



*Joe Ryan, in straw hat,  
watches union members filing  
to work at Pier 57 after a shape-up.  
The shape-up is the cause of most trouble*

veniences that come with them. On New York's dangerously crowded piers 46,000 longshoremen scramble for 20,000 jobs. With hourly rates at \$1.88 for straight time, \$2.82 for nights, holidays, and weekends, over 20,000 New York dock workers earned less than \$35.00 a week in expensive 1949.

The ultimate reform called for (the "big overhauling" as Father Head calls it) is elimination of the shape-up. Under this loose form of hiring, longshoremen are required to report at the docks without foreknowledge of whether they will be employed or not. At scheduled intervals the hiring stevedore picks the men he needs. A man may make the shape for days running without results.

When he does get a job, he is assured of four hours of work. This is the extent of his security under the contract between ILA and the New York Shipping Association, the employer group. Dishonest hiring bosses extort kick-backs, thus initiating a spiral of crime that frequently culminates in murder.

In most large American ports, in Seattle, Los Angeles, Portland, and San Francisco, the shape-up has been abandoned. These ports use hiring halls. Employing steamship lines submit re-

# Brass Checks —and Knuckles

**Opposing any cleanup of the mess along the waterfront of America's greatest port are racketeers, the psychology of longshoremen themselves, and Joseph P. Ryan**

**by MILTON LOMASK**

quirements ahead of time, and work is rotated. Men who have worked least in a given period get first chance. Most belong to work gangs, and these rather than individuals are called up. In San Francisco, work calls are radioed, so that a longie can sit in his own home and know in the evening whether he has work next day or not.

Patronage, crime, and labor surpluses—the by-products of the shape—are discouraged by the hiring hall rotation system. In "shape-up" New York, only 14 per cent of all longshoremen earned \$3500 or more in 1949. In "hiring hall" San Francisco, 74 per cent were in that bracket in 1947.

**SUPPORTING** the shape, as Father Head has mentioned, are powerful elements, including rackets, the ILA leadership, and to a less positive degree the employing steamship lines.

As for the rackets, one thing needs to be made clear. Waterfront racketeers are one thing and longshoremen something else, a distinction the public sometimes overlooks, possibly because by confusing the two it absolves itself of responsibility for the desperate plight of one of America's most important worker groups.

Longshoremen have been known to pilfer cans of this or that and take them home to the wife and kids. But waterfront racketeering is done by men whose business is just that. Longshoremen couldn't do it if they wanted to. As Father Head points out:

"You can't remove a truckload of bananas from the docks with a longshoreman's baling hook. You've got to have a truck. You've got to know someone who knows someone else who has a

cousin who has a warehouse where you can stow the loot."

To complete the picture, you've got to have "connections." Told that these exist, Joe Ryan is quoted as thundering, "Prove it!" His position is eminently safe. It would take an exceptionally powerful and disinterested authority to expose the intricate cobweb of relationships between waterfront racketeering and important New York commercial and political interests. That these interests will not let the shape-up vanish without a struggle is elementary.

**JOE RYAN'S** stake in the shape and that of employers are intertwined. The shape makes for a labor surplus. It generates fear and insecurity. In that sort of atmosphere, Ryan finds it easy to keep his dictatorial hold on 60,000 ILA men working ports from Portland, Me., through the Gulf of Mexico.

The employers take their cue from Ryan. He has many times demonstrated his ability to shut down their piers. Moreover, men working at the mercy of the shape are not likely to make too many demands.

"When you are small and your enemy is big," runs the military adage, "try to attack him piecemeal." A civilian rendering of this is visible in ACTU's strategy of "small reforms first."

Of the limited changes ACTU is urging local 895 to seek, two have to do with the way the men are paid. A longshoreman receives his wage Wednesday or Friday for work done during the week ending the preceding Saturday. As a result, says Father Head, "he is always in hock to the company for three to five days.

"If he gets hard up," Father Head

amplifies, "he can't go to a legitimate loan agency. They don't consider him a good risk. He must run to a loan shark."

His plight is further complicated by the fact that longshoring is a brass-check industry—one of the few left in America. To oldtimers who can recall the sweatshop era, brass check is a familiar term. It means that the worker does not sign for his pay. When he gets a job, he is given a number—a brass check. He collects by turning this in. The catch is that anyone else can collect on it too.

"WHAT happens," says Roger Larkin, ACTU's executive secretary, "is that a man goes broke waiting for his pay, and sells his brass check for 90 per cent of its value. On pay day the loan shark shows up with a pocketful of discs.

"The paymaster," Larkin goes on, "is supposed to give only one envelope to one man at once, but he is working against time. What's more, as everyone on the waterfront knows, the conscientious paymaster who forces the lender

At the shape-up, the hiring stevedore takes on ten work gangs when the job requires nine. The tenth is composed of surplus work cards. The hiring boss gives these to the pay clerk. The clerk puts them through. Then he, the hiring boss, and possibly interested muscle men pocket the surplus wages.

The longshoremen get nothing out of this, which again brings up the question of why. Why does he bother to obtain surplus security cards? The answer, once again, is that in an atmosphere saturated with insecurity and fear men tend to live by the philosophy of the lesser evil. Failure to play ball on New York's so-called "pistol docks" usually means no work. And most longshoremen have big families.

ACTU would discourage these evils by shifting payday to the end of the work week, and by installing a bookkeeping system under which the longshoreman would sign for his pay, so that he alone could collect it.

A third limited reform advocated by ACTU calls for advance posting of ship arrivals. Steamship lines rarely give the

the social waste of present waterfront practices, often wishfully assume that every ILA rank and filer feels the same way. This is not the case. Local 895, with which ACTU is working, is a "rebel outfit" in the eyes of Joe Ryan. As such things go on the docks, it is advanced and progressive. But among its members there is no agreement as to whether the shape-up should go or not.

An 895 man, bellying up to the neighborhood bar with you, will shout, "Let's have a hiring hall." But let the issue rise at the next membership meeting: maybe he speaks up, more likely not.

Fear has a good deal to do with this. Life is tough on the docks. "A man thinks twice," Father Head points out, "before lifting his head above the crowd." But fear is not the whole story. Other causes are at work. These, as exemplified in local 895, are fairly typical of longshoreman generally.

Glamour-and-goo newspaper yarns about Greenwich Village never mention the little section where the members of 895 live. It is a narrow band of tenements, bounded southward by Houston Street, on the east by Hudson Street, on the west by the piers, and on the north by the Federal Home of Detention for Men. And it is slashed across the center by Pig Alley, a block-long, cobblestoned, junk-strewn thoroughfare, where the ridiculous alternates with the sublime; where on workdays burly men fight, and on quiet weekend mornings little girls in white organdy and net veils mince along solemnly on their way to first Holy Communion.

IT IS a neighborhood where in the hot, choking summer the street becomes the living room; where on summer days Mrs. Lopez and Mrs. Murphy follow the shade, beginning the day on folding chairs on the south side of Charles Street and ending it in front of the sixth precinct police station across the street.

It is a neighborhood of family men, of Catholics whose devotion takes homey forms. Let the priests of St. Veronica's mention a leaky faucet or a piece of displaced masonry. It's fixed, and quickly.

It is a backwash of rugged individualism. "Don't be a cop-hollerer," is an expression of it on one level. In other words, if you got troubles, don't go to the police. Settle them yourselves. In a country drifting into a flabby philosophy of "let the government do it," these men prefer doing for themselves. A longshoreman falls ill, his neighbors pass the hat.

Most of them, says Father Head, are living in the houses where they were born. Their fathers came as immigrants, largely from Ireland, Italy, and Spain. They docked on the piers where their

(Continued on page 77)



Longshoremen hoisting coffee from the hold of a ship from Brazil. Men work hard, but the work is far from being steady

International

to approach with only one brass check at a time is soon discouraged by lack of interest and co-operation from above."

Another evil spawned by the brass check is duplicate hiring. This is worked jointly by hiring boss and pay clerk. It is common practice for a longshoreman to have two or more social security cards, the extra ones bearing fictitious names. For each card, he gets a work registration card with the steamship line—or more specifically with the stevedoring company retained by the line to supply its loading labor and gear.

men prior knowledge as to when a ship will dock, the nature and disposition of its cargo, or the probable length of its "turn-around" in port.

The companies say they can't release this data ahead of time because of the uncertainties of ship travel. ACTU members who have studied the matter say that thanks to speedy modern communications it can be done. Nine times out of ten the company has full information from two days to two weeks before a ship is due.

Sympathetic observers, indignant at



**STAGE  
and  
SCREEN**

by JERRY COTTER

**"Uplifting and Moral"**

In addressing a group of French actors representing the Theatrical Catholic Union of Paris, His Holiness warned against the indifference of those who support immoral and degrading plays. Terming productions which appeal to the baser instincts of man or tend to harm his religion "degrading and dangerous," the Holy Father declared that the theater must be moral and uplifting.

The immoral, the irreligious, and the vulgar are too often presented in the mistaken belief that the public prefers such fare. In his talk, Pope Pius effectively characterized such treatment as "an insult to the public, to its taste, good judgment, and morals." Those in the theater, with special reference to producers, writers, and directors, who pander to the lowest tastes of their audience are as dangerous as they are misguided. More important, the intelligent Catholic playgoer who supports such productions shares equally in the guilt.

The theater can serve a powerful function when it adheres strictly to morality, bolsters faith, and strengthens the determination of man in his march to perfection. When it is immoral, vulgar, and irreligious, it does not merely fail—it becomes a dangerous threat.

We see examples of that failure, season after season, in plays which abound with suggestiveness, materialist philosophy, and pagan thought. In presenting these, the theater does not merely fail in its duty to inspire; it actually serves as a glamorous guidepost to the wrong goal.

Catholic theater people have a doubly difficult task. Some of them fail. They take the easiest way by conveniently filing their consciences in pigeonholes marked "Future." They sac-

rifice principles for commercial gain. In the words of a popular song they are true to their faith—"in my fashion."

Today that isn't enough. For those of us interested in the drama, whether as workers or viewers, time has almost run out. Either we take the high road to the development of "an honest and morally constructive theater" or continue to follow the low road. Where the latter leads is, at the moment, anybody's guess.

**The New Plays**

Dame Edith Evans, one of Britain's leading stage ladies, made one of her infrequent American appearances this fall as the star of the particularly dull and flaccid DAPHNE LAUREOLA. A comedy by James Bridie, it is said to have enjoyed considerable popularity in Piccadilly. A garrulous, gossamer affair, it is concerned with the loneliness of a titled lady married to a peer thirty years her senior. Periodic sprees provide her escape from the drabness of life in the manor house but give the audience no respite at all. When a young Polish refugee falls in love with Lady Pitts, the story loses any semblance of substance and comes apart at the seams. Abounding in clichés and saved from complete failure only through the efforts of its players, this study in frustration is a pallid project. Cecil Parker, as the aged baronet, manages to make the stuffiness of the character both believable and winning. Playwright Bridie fared less successfully with his share of the burden, for he leans too heavily on symbolism and neglects to provide either a solid morality or a captivating comedy. Miss Evans is a fine actress, but even she cannot compensate for an author's shortcomings.

### Screen Safari

Penetrating deep into the Dark Continent, a contingent of Hollywood moviemakers has produced a startling and spectacular version of H. Rider Haggard's **KING SOLOMON'S MINES**. Rarely has the camera captured so striking a panorama of Africa's scenic wonders, its jungle excitements, and the amazing tribes of its intriguing interior.

Five months were spent by the company in producing this Technicolor spectacle, months in which they traversed steaming jungles, endless deserts, and the vast veldt of the mysterious continent. The scenic highlights are many and awesome, but even they pale in comparison to the frightening excitement of the stampede sequence. Filmed in Tanganyika with thousands of zebras, giraffes, gazelles, and a variety of lesser known animals racing in a surging mass, this scene stands out as one of the most amazing ever recorded on film.

Although such able actors as Deborah Kerr, Stewart Granger, Richard Carlson, Lowell Gilmore, and Hugo Haas are capable, the humans you will remember most vividly are the gigantic Watussi. This tribe, said to be descended from the Pharaohs of Egypt, provide the most astonishing moments of a motion picture that will certainly rank with the outstanding adventure spectacles of all time. (M-G-M)

### Reviews in Brief

Lana Turner's **A LIFE OF HER OWN** is a downright dull adaptation of a typical true-confession story. Despite an attempt to tie up the loose ends of the plot in conformity with the demands of the Production Code, this leaves the impression that an erring husband and his paramour are the wronged members of that eternal triangle. Miss Turner appears as a popular model involved in an affair with a wealthy mine owner whose wife is an invalid. This is morally distasteful in theme, badly performed, and as dull as the average midday soap opera. Ray Milland, Louis Calhern, Barry Sullivan, Tom Ewell, and Margaret Phillips are wasted. (M-G-M)

There is much ado about little in the melodramatic **DARK CITY**, which serves principally to introduce Charlton Heston. The script borrows all the tricks of the crime story blueprint with murders, suicide, suggestive sequences, lightly veiled sympathy for the mobsters, and a coverall atmosphere of suspense. Seasoned troupers like Lizabeth Scott, Viveca Lindfors, Dean Jagger, Don DeFore, Ed Begley, and Mike Mazurki are involved with negligible results. (Paramount)

**I'LL GET BY** offers little in the way of story substance but does provide a pleasant interlude in the parade of psychotic thrillers and clinical displays. June Haver and William Lundigan are likeable romancers; Dennis Day and Gloria De Haven offer songs and comedy; Harry James has a few hot-trumpet moments, and Thelma Ritter handles her typical characterization to good effect. Dennis sings a few songs, ranging from the title tune to "MacNamara's Band," in his own bright style. You've seen this a hundred times before, but not always in such a gaily festooned package. Diverting and relaxing Technicolor fare for the family.

(20th Century-Fox)

Fred Astaire and Betty Hutton are teamed for the first time in **LET'S DANCE**, a featherweight adult concoction in which the musical moments far outbalance the story. Astaire's footwork is the picture's highlight, with Miss Hutton offering personality and clowning as substitutes for her lack of genuine dancing ability. The result is entertaining only when the Technicolor cameras focus on the dancing Astaire. Roland Young, Lucille Watson, Melville Cooper, and Ruth Warrick struggle with the inequities of the plot to little avail. (Paramount)

Bing Crosby's latest, **MR. MUSIC**, brings him back to the formula which first won audience favor. As a happy-go-lucky songsmith who would rather golf than compose, Bing has a custom-built assignment. Aided by a long list of famous names, he transforms a slim story into a relaxing musical movie despite the drabness of plot and dialogue. Charles Coburn, Ruth Hussey, Nancy Olson, Robert Stack, Ida Moore, Peggy Lee, the Merry Macs, Dorothy Kirsten, the dancing Champions, and Groucho Marx are on hand with their various specialties. Adult fanciers of the Crosby style will appreciate this. (Paramount)

**MR. 880** is delightful entertainment even though it enlists all your sympathy for a crafty criminal. He is an old codger who deals in junk and occasionally turns out a counterfeit dollar bill to tide him over the difficult spots. The bills are clumsy and obvious, but for years the passer has managed to



★ Irene Dunne and Fred MacMurray join in the fun in a gay scene from "Never a Dull Moment"

eave the Secret Service. His amateurish bills circulate sporadically but on a regular schedule. As played by Edmund Gwenn, the counterfeiter is a gentle, thoroughly likeable indigent who makes his crude copies solely to augment a meager junk income. When the law finally catches up with him, even the judge tempers justice with mercy and humor. Based on a true story from the SS files, this emerges as one of the year's most enjoyable and refreshing comedies. Gwenn's interpretation is the picture's highlight, even though Burt Lancaster and Dorothy McGuire are starred. Their contributions are routine, his is magnificent. So deftly has this difficult theme been handled that the entire family will find it excellent entertainment. (20th Century-Fox)

Sequel seldom measure up to expectations. **THE MINIVER STORY** attempts to recapture the quality and spirit of its popular predecessor. It is not completely successful despite all that Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon do to make the story plausible. Postwar England with its complexities and uncertainties is the setting. Just as the VE celebration is at its height, Mrs. Miniver learns that she has an incurable illness. She determines to keep the news secret from her husband and children returning from war duty. The daughter's infatuation for a married man provides the subplot, with mother's wartime experience serving as the key to its solution. Misty-eyed and on the sentimental side, this British-made drama lacks the magic of the original. It does have

fine acting, a measure of practical philosophy in its message, and an undeniable appeal for those who enjoy a sniffler or two in the privacy of the neighborhood movie house. (M-G-M)

Candor is the cornerstone of *ALL ABOUT EVE*, a brittle, realistic depiction of life in Manhattan theatrical circles. Literate, adult, and witty, it is Broadway's answer to *Sunset Boulevard*. Without resorting to the cliché or the coverup, it presents theater folk as they are, blinking in the unflattering light of Hollywood Kleigs. Bette Davis is seen as an aging stage actress who befriends a starry-eyed youngster. Through a series of unusual incidents, the newcomer rises from her position of autograph hunter to the star's rival on and off stage. The story line is forthright, the dialogue crisp, and the direction excellent, but the mainstay of this deft dissection is the acting of an unusually fine cast. Miss Davis has never been better, atoning in large measure for some

their problem than the writers and directors assumed, so the main prop for a successful movie is missing from the start. Joan Fontaine and Joseph Cotten, aided by Jessica Tandy, Robert Arthur, and Francoise Rosay, attempt to create a believable structure out of inadequate materials. The casual acceptance of divorce as a solution is an added reason why this is unconvincing and objectionable. Only the beautiful Italian countryside proves attractive in this combination travelogue-problem play. (Paramount)

Irene Dunne and Fred MacMurray, two of Hollywood's most successful purveyors of light comedy, have a fairly substantial vehicle in *NEVER A DULL MOMENT*. In it Miss Dunne appears as a writer of hit songs who marries a widower with a ranch and several children. The readjustment problems provide some hilarity, and there is the usual misunderstanding, the separation, and the final, expected reunion. In less



★ Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon, together again in "The Miniver Story"



★ In "Mr. Music," Bing Crosby (shown with Nancy Olson) is a songsmith who prefers play to work

past atrocities. This time she manages to convey sympathy for a basically unsympathetic character. Anne Baxter, as an unscrupulous and ambitious youngster, is also brilliant. Hers is one of the best performances of the year. While the two stars compete for supremacy, the supporting cast is not idle with Celeste Holm, George Sanders, Gary Merrill, Hugh Marlowe, Thelma Ritter, and Walter Hampden outdoing themselves. An adult story in every respect, this satirical, ironic glimpse of offstage antics is a penetrating and glib concoction. (20th Century-Fox)

THE BREAKING POINT is a variation of an old Ernest Hemingway theme. A grim and sordid picture in which the excitements of a tough melodrama alternate with some particularly suggestive scenes, this is offkey on every count. As a veteran who rents his power cruiser to tourists and finds himself involved in some high-pressure underworld activities, John Garfield is merely adequate. Of the others, only Phyllis Thaxter emerges with any personal glory. The excessive brutality and a frank intent to glamorize the sordid set mark it far out of bounds even for adult audiences. (Warner Brothers)

The exterior scenes for *SEPTEMBER AFFAIR* were filmed in Rome, Naples, Florence, and Capri. That just about sums up the assets of this mild romantic drama built around a pair of unhappy moderns who attempt to renounce responsibilities and start out anew. The audience has less sympathy for

skilled hands this might have been routine, but the twinkly, tongue-in-cheek performance by Miss Dunne and MacMurray's familiar, but appropriate, bewilderment carries this into the hit category. William Demarest, Gigi Perreau, and Natalie Wood are helpful in supporting roles. Refreshing and enjoyable, even when it trods well-worn byways. (RKO-Radio)

#### Playguide

Peter Pan

(On Tour) As You Like It

The Cocktail Party; The Consul; The

Medium and The Telephone

(On Tour) The Innocents; Lost in the Stars

#### FOR THE FAMILY:

#### FOR ADULTS:

#### PARTLY

#### OBJECTIONABLE:

South Pacific; Kiss Me, Kate; Daphne Laureola; The Member of the Wedding; Tickets, Please; Death of a Salesman; The Happy Time  
(On Tour) Lend an Ear; Two Blind Mice; Brigadoon; The Devil's Disciple; Come Back Little Sheba; Texas Li'l Darlin'

#### COMPLETELY

#### OBJECTIONABLE:

Mister Roberts; Gentlemen Prefer Blondes; Peep Show  
(On Tour) Diamond Lil

*Placed at an early age,  
baby lisps his first  
word to foster-parents*

# Babies for Adoption



*Photos by Tim Dowling*

## The story of how the Home Bureau of the New York Catholic Charities finds the right home for neglected and dependent children

by LOUISE EDNA GOEDEN

"Oh, yes." The wife sat down, the child still pressed against her cheek.

Awkwardly, the husband thrust forward the box. "We brought some clothes. The wife made them all by hand. We wanted to take him home in our own things. Is that O.K.?"

"Of course." The worker smiled. "You'll know then he's all yours. I'll be back."

She went out, and the couple were alone with the ten-day-old son they were adopting.

This scene might take place in any child placement agency, except for one difference: the baby the couple were taking was just ten days old. He had come directly to their arms and love from the hospital where he was born. Here was one answer to the black market in babies and to the important objective of establishing the most normal parent-child situation in adoptive cases.

The Adoption Department of the Catholic Home Bureau, an agency of the Catholic Charities of New York, has pioneered in infant placing. As is true of all reputable child placement agencies, the Bureau recognized that

the object of adoption is providing a child with the best possible parents and home. And gradually it concluded that adoption of infants under three months of age (called "early placement") was one way of accomplishing this.

But placing any child is a tremendous responsibility, for it involves the lives and souls of human beings. Adults can speak for themselves; but the agency must speak for the child.

Some children do not need, nor can they use, early adoption; but when such a placement is possible provisions are made. The present program began in 1945. It is one phase of the Bureau's ever-widening program of child adoptions, not only of tiny infants but of older children, and even those physically handicapped.

SINCE that day almost five years ago, close to two hundred tiny babies have been sent by the Bureau to the homes of eager men and women. Of these two hundred placements, only three adoptions were not completed. In one case the real mother decided not to surrender her child. In the other two

THE MAN WAS certainly past thirty, and his hands showed years of hard work. But, as he lifted the cover of the box in his lap and took a quick look at the contents, his face lighted, like a child's on Christmas Eve.

Across the small reception room, his wife's eyes smiled at him. Then the couple were, suddenly, on their feet, as a sympathetic, gray-haired woman entered.

"He here?" the man asked, juggling the box under his arm.

The older woman nodded. "Come with me."

They walked down the corridor. The worker flung open a door. "There," she said.

The couple stared at the tiny wriggling bundle in the baby basket. One small fist was pawing the air. Bare feet kicked.

"Gosh," the man said.

The woman did not speak at all. Instead, she went forward, eyes shining, and scooped the small bundle into her arms. Gently she held the baby's dark head against her cheek. He squirmed a little, nestled against her.

"He's so small," the wife said softly. "I never hoped he would be so small."

"Just ten days old," the worker said. "Nine pounds at birth. He's lost a few ounces, but he'll get those back. Would you like to be alone with him for a while?"

cases the children did not develop normally and required institutional care.

The advantage to the child of early placement is obvious. When the baby—let's call him Bobby—enters a home in the earliest months of his life, the parent-child relationship, although artificially created, comes closest to biological parenthood. Bobby's first emotions and associations are with his permanent home and family. He is secure from the first moment of conscious and unconscious memory.

For the adoptive parents, this early placement is more satisfactory, too. The completely helpless Bobby stirs most deeply their protective love. He is dependent in a sense an older child can never be. The new father and mother feel themselves truly parents as they prepare formulas, burp him, worry through his first cold, and count his weight increase in ounces first and not till later in pounds.

Such early placement presupposes much planning by both the agency and the adoptive parents. No child is placed for adoption by a reputable agency until its background has been thoroughly investigated. Arrangements are also made with the real mother (and father, if he is known) for a complete surrender of the child.

THE real parents' physical condition, social position, education, and such factors as hereditary diseases and mental ability are noted. Adverse information in these histories would not bar a child from later placement. But one whose real parents showed low mental ability or definite physical disabilities would probably be held until it could be tested. This testing occurs at twelve weeks.

For early infant placement, the agency also requires that the mother have had pre-natal care. She must have been known to the Bureau or to the referring agency for some time before the birth. This birth, too, must have been uneventful, as must have been the period of pregnancy.

The baby, of course, must be healthy, with normal feeding habits, and normal weight, chest and head measurements. He is also given a Mantoux test for tuberculosis.

After one painful experience, previously noted, when the real mother changed her mind and wanted her baby returned to her, the agency requires a complete surrender in advance. This does not mean that the real mother is pressured into giving up her baby. In fact, the Catholic Home Bureau insists she have seen her child at least once. If possible, she cares for it some of the time. But when the real parent then gives up the child, it is with the full realization of what she is doing. And

the adoptive parents are assured the child cannot be reclaimed.

All agencies desire emotionally secure homes for their charges. They want to insure the children a reasonably good standard of living and adoptive parents who have good health and are emotionally matured. As an agency of New York Catholic Charities, the Home Bureau naturally requires a Catholic background in the home. Generally, in all adoption agencies, children are placed in homes of a religious background similar to that of the real parents.

Adoptive parents must fall within an age limit also. In this case that means no older than forty for the mother and forty-five for the father. The feeling is that babies should be given parents, not grandparents.

For these very young infants, younger parents are often preferred. But one quality these parents must especially possess. That is courage—courage to face the possibility of having to give up the baby if he does not develop normally. No psychological tests are generally used for a child under twelve weeks. Thus the agency cannot be sure of the baby's mental development or potentialities until after that time. When a younger child is placed, the adoptive parents know that he may have to be returned to an institution or to a foster boarding home (if several tests show the child definitely retarded). However, the striking fact is that of almost two hundred infants already placed by the agency, only two have had to be removed for that reason.

In one case, certain background facts had not been furnished the agency regarding the baby's birth and post-birth difficulties. The other case was one of those inexplicable ones. The child simply did not develop mentally despite the best care of the agency and the adoptive parents. The agency had selected these adoptive parents wisely, however. For in the latter case, after a little time had elapsed, it placed another baby in their home for adoption.

A REASON for this growing number of placements of babies under three months is the greater number of mothers-to-be who either come to the agency for help or are sent by some other agency, by doctors, attorneys, or hospitals. Thus the Bureau can obtain all possible information about the real parents and the history of the pregnancy. It can also plan with the mother to do what is best for her and the child.

These are the mothers who might have fallen into the hands of the black marketeer. That prey on humanity exchanges care of the expectant mother for the right to take her baby, which he then sells to the highest bidder. With a sympathetic agency to help, the mother's problems and those of the unborn child are met with wise and thoughtful care. Couples eager for a child need no longer buy from the black marketeer a baby who may turn out to be ill or mentally retarded. Nor will defenseless infants be placed in homes where the men and women have no real concept of parenthood.



Beaming with joy, a young couple takes "their baby" from the home and receives a word of cheer from one of the workers

## HER ROSE PETALS

by EDWARD McNAMEE

(The recent apparitions of Our Lady on an island of the Philippines were accompanied by showers of rose petals.)

*The petaled gift of heaven's cordons blown  
Where fragrances of lovely roses rise  
Is but to thee appropriate alone,  
In tints as tender as untarnished skies.  
Your wind-broomed beauties of crushed roses roll  
In gentleness unbearable to sight:  
Immaculate as thy resplendent soul  
Across the dark drench of this turgid night.  
Near bordered emperies of unbelief,  
The petals creep in dainty innocence  
Before thy loving heart's most poignant grief  
Occasioned by our cruel sins' offense.  
While perfumes glorifying empty space,  
Remind us of thy everlasting grace.*



## THE CHURCH IN STORM

by EARL BYRD

*Imperiled are her forts anew,  
Her blood and treasure are at stake;  
At no strange tribune may she sue  
For such defense as she must make.*

*Though she be scourged among the graves,  
Her shepherds banished far from home,  
And quaestors send their men with stakes  
To drag her through the streets of Rome,*

*Though she be strangled in the night  
Behind the Fiend's star-chamber lock,  
He knows no ghastly, secret rite  
To break her lineage from The Rock.*

*The writ of Herod does not run  
Where faith's eternal borders start,  
And equidistant from the sun  
Is she from any change of heart.*

*To God alone she makes report  
For both her living and her dead;  
His favor only need she court,  
His anger only must she dread.*

The technique used for both this infant placement and for older children is most enlightening.

In the Catholic Home Bureau there are two divisions: the Child Study and the Home Finding. The Child Study workers investigate the child's background—parents, physical and intellectual traits, and so forth. They interview the parents, usually the mother; arrange for the child's baptism; consult with other agencies involved. They take care of medical checkups, and if an older child must be admitted to a temporary home arrange for that.

Every attempt is made in this agency—as in all other reputable ones—to place as many children as possible in permanent homes for adoption. However, less than 10 per cent of all children in foster care today are without parents and therefore free for adoption; for the law generally does not permit parents to be deprived of their children, even though the real home seems inadequate. Furthermore, a certain percentage of adoptable children are so handicapped either physically or mentally as to require institutional care or foster family care.

The Home Finding Division works

with prospective parents. One complaint of people wishing to adopt a child is that they must wait a considerable time from the date of request. They must also undergo detailed scrutiny. Through reorganizing its methods, the Catholic Home Bureau has been able in some cases to cut this waiting period to nine months from the date the adoptive parents apply. Couples who can meet needs of children difficult to place because of age, mixed racial background, or handicaps often find they have a child within a few months of applying.

However, when the objective of all adoptions is remembered—finding the best possible home for each child—it is not surprising that many people must wait a much longer time and some must be refused entirely.

STANDARDS of age, health, financial security, and emotional maturity have been discussed. Reference letters from the parish priest, the family doctor, and at least one other lay person are required. The adoptive couple has interviews with the Home Finder also. If the couple is found suitable, they are approved by the staff Adoption Committee. The couple's name is then placed on the Bureau's list of suitable homes.

When a child is ready for adoption, the Child Study worker, the Home Finder, their supervisors, and the supervisor of the Adoption Department have a conference. The Child Study worker first presents the child: his background, personality, intelligence, physical appearance, and condition. The home into which it is thought the child would fit happily is discussed.

In the case of a very young child, the level of its intelligence cannot be predicted by tests. So more weight must be placed on the real parents' background. Obviously, it would be taking more than a normal risk to place a child like Mary, who came from low-mental parents, in an adoptive home where the parents are college graduates.

Similarly, every effort is made to match coloring and nationality backgrounds. Felipe has swarthy skin and dark eyes. He will fit well into a family with a Latin background. But if he were adopted by a blond, Scandinavian couple he might, indeed, seem an "odd duckling!"

It does not make too much difference to a child in his real home if someone says, "He certainly looks different from anyone else in the family. He hardly seems to belong to you." But to Felipe, or any adopted child, such a statement from an unthinking source would be damaging. He needs the feeling of "belonging." Looking like his adopted dad and mother is important.



*Mrs. Leona Hill, polio victim, is now a one-woman office force*

THIS is the heartening story of a government project that makes money for the taxpayers. It does so by helping the physically handicapped fight their way from helplessness as expensive public or private charges to independence as wage earners and taxpayers.

Take the case of Mrs. Leona Hill, thirty-three, of Takoma Park, Maryland. She was stricken with polio and faced the grim prospect of being on public relief for the rest of her life. She was left to support her five children. She recovered sufficiently to wear ankle braces and to regain full use of her left arm, although she could not move her right. But Mrs. Hill had plenty of spunk and determination.

She practiced writing with her left hand until her new script was identical with the old. Then Merl O. Myers, a counselor in the Maryland Vocational Rehabilitation Service, arranged for an instructor from a nearby college to come to the hospital and tutor her in a business course. He bought a typewriter and had the most frequently used keys shifted to the left-hand position. An occupational therapist taught her to use it. Practicing at every available hour,

she attained a speed of forty words a minute.

Then Myers got a job for her with the Platt Construction Company, a small firm in Silver Spring, Maryland. Today, instead of languishing in a home for the incurable, she is the entire office force for this busy company. A taxi driver calls for her each morning and carries her into her office. A telephone rest leaves her left hand free to make notes as she converses. She handles all the firm's correspondence and makes out the payroll.

In virtually every county of every state, determined men and women are engaged in lonely struggles against seemingly insuperable physical handicaps. Now a helping hand is extended to them. The program is administered jointly by the Office of Vocational Rehabilitation of the Federal Security Agency and the individual states.

Albert O. Lynch, a Dummerston, Vermont, dairyman whose leg had been amputated because of gangrene, still tried to farm but was clearing only \$50 a month. He received \$78 a month aid for his seven dependent children. Gangrene then attacked his right leg also, and he lost it below the knee. Un-

## PERSONALITIES

### REBORN

**It's unusual, this government project. It helps the handicapped and at the same time makes money for the taxpayer**

*by*

**BLAKE CLARK**

able to afford a second operation and artificial limbs, his courage gave way to a frightening sense of helplessness.

A Vermont counselor arranged for surgery to equalize the length of Lynch's legs and for new artificial limbs. After a few months he resumed dairying with such success that his income went up to \$4100 a year. The total cost of his rehabilitation, which took his children off public relief and restored his own sense of personal worth, was only \$470.

A forty-four-year-old advertising man, father of six, had just opened his own agency in New Jersey when he and his twelve-year-old son were afflicted with polio. After several months his family was forced to accept relief. A counselor talked with the father while he was in the hospital and brought him a typewriter. As his condition improved, he wrote free-lance stories, supplementing the assistance to his family.

After his discharge, he got a job in Cleveland, Ohio, at \$13,000 a year. He wrote to the counselor, "I can't forget what you did for me in the early, trying period of making a comeback. The typewriter itself was of inestimable value in keeping up my morale, but your faith in me and my ability to re-

# THE JOYFUL MYSTERIES

by J. P. WALSH, S.J.

*These are not idyls, but like first-glimpsed hills  
To watchers in the brightest yards when stand  
Captain and crewmen waiting, and there spills,  
Like rain upon the deck, the choked cry: Land!*

*These mysteries are islands for the mind;  
For each his haven where the anchor drops  
To screaming of bright birds. This is home wind,  
And these are well-remembered mountain-tops.*

habilitate myself was beyond material value to me."

Merle Bennett, fifty-five-year-old engineer, fell back on latent artistic talents literally to carve out a new career when a spastic condition forced him to give up his job. With machinery provided by the rehabilitation agency, Bennett turned to his hobby of woodcraft, specializing in reproductions of early American furniture, selling a piece at a time through friends. His business, now known in eighteen states as Piety Hill Pine, is still growing. Bennett is training two handicapped boys to work with him: Ernest Morgan, who is deaf, and Harold Dorrance, who has neither fingers nor toes but with the aid of special equipment is becoming a skilled woodworker.

An appalling number of Americans are tragically disabled each year. Polio, uncontrolled automobiles, congenital defects, and other causes strike down more people—about 300,000—every eighteen months than were disabled in our armed forces in the last war. Thirty to seventy thousand a year are victims of home, auto, and other accidents and require prosthetic devices. This is more than double the number of amputees—17,000—in our armed forces during four years of war. About 30,000 a year become blind. If their disability is keeping them from a job, they can ask the state vocational rehabilitation agency in their state capital for help. (With two exceptions: Baltimore, Maryland; and Grand Forks, North Dakota.)

A counselor discusses the client's abilities and skills and helps find a fitting vocation. He arranges for any needed medical examinations, surgical care, artificial appliances, training, or tools. None of these services, except the counselor's help, the medical examination, and, in most cases, training is provided free if the client can pay for them. The state and federal government pay for only legitimate approved expenses above those the client cannot possibly afford. The federal share is about sixty-seven cents on each dollar.

In one state, 35 disabled persons received public assistance at the rate of

\$21,160 a year in 1946-47; after rehabilitation, they cost taxpayers nothing and earned \$49,868 a year. In another, 140 climbed from a \$92,400 liability to earn \$156,240. In a third, 401 were a \$250,000 burden; now they make \$614,446 annually.

Fifty-eight thousand resolute men and women made this kind of courageous comeback in 1949. Counseling, medical treatment, appliances, job placement, and other expenses cost \$445 each, or about twenty-six million dollars. Last year they earned so much money that they paid at the rate of more than five and a half million dollars in federal income taxes alone. The average disabled person is thirty-one years old. If he merely maintains his present rate of earning for 85 per cent of his expected work life ahead, he will pay ten dollars in income taxes for every dollar spent by the Government to help him get back on his feet.

TRAINING in an entirely new type of work has lifted exceptional individuals to new income levels. A New Jersey postal clerk stricken with pulmonary tuberculosis studied accounting while recovering in the West, obtained a job as bookkeeper at \$145 a month in a resort hotel, and advanced to comptroller and treasurer at \$12,000 a year. A Minnesota hospital orderly making \$30 a week was left deaf after an attack of scarlet fever; trained in dentistry, he now makes \$1000 a month.

Next to the patient himself, the counselor is the most important personality in the rehabilitation drama. A canny psychologist, patient friend, and wise adviser, he gives his client moral support from the moment he first sees him, propped up in bed, perhaps, until after he is successfully at work. Finding that all-important job is the real test of a good counselor.

How, for example, would you find suitable employment for a fifty-seven-year-old man who had been out of work and receiving assistance from the Aid to the Blind for fourteen years? The counselor drew up this balance sheet: on the debit side were his client's age, his vis-

ual disability, a recent cardiac condition, limited education, and a personality seriously maladjusted during more than a decade of idleness. In his favor were the slight amount of vision, an intense desire to work, and a booming voice. After looking around the industrial section of the city, the counselor came up with precisely the right job—directing trucks unloading at the city dump. The light work did not overtax his heart; it utilized the vision he had left and his powerful voice.

From 1933 to 1947 the man had received \$5469 in public assistance. Now he is earning \$200 a month, which is more than he made before even when he enjoyed full sight. His whole attitude toward life has changed. "Before, I didn't know which way to turn," he said. "Since I started work I've paid off my debts and I can see my way clear for the future."

Before counselor James E. Harris called on twenty-three-year-old Joseph Arango, Jr., of Tampa, Florida, two years ago, the young man was regarded as hopeless. Imprisoned by cerebral palsy which has crippled him since birth, Joseph had hardly any control over the movement of his hands and feet. Speech was so difficult that only his family could readily understand him.

At first, Harris himself considered Joseph to be almost completely disabled. But after talking to him he realized that Joseph had intelligence and determination. He had learned to write by holding his wrist firmly with his left hand, steady it against involuntary movement.

The counselor gave him a series of aptitude tests that got nowhere until he noticed that Joseph could handle a vibrator saw. Grabbing it quickly and powerfully, he could steady his arms and do good work. Harris had an inspiration—electroplating, in which similar "handiness" is needed. This was profitable, skilled work and could be done by one man alone.

Together they selected a correspondence course and Joseph completed the twenty lessons. Set up in a shop by his parents, he is today running a successful, small business replating dentists' equipment, golf clubs, and various other metal objects. Joseph's entire life was changed because of the guidance of an ingenious counselor.

The best clue to what a man can do lies in what he wants to do, regardless of the obstacles. You might consider salesmanship the last job to recommend to a spastic with defective speech, but twenty-nine-year-old Frank Higgins of Rockville, Maryland, through single-minded effort, has mastered it.

Frank, at twenty-two, was so seriously affected by cerebral palsy that his trembling hands could hardly take food to

his mouth. He graduated from college with a degree in religion and an ambition to work in this field, but uncontrollable speech killed his chances. A Maryland counselor enrolled Frank at the District Speech Clinic in Washington, D. C. There he took tongue exercises until all his facial muscles ached. After fourteen months he achieved control of his voice. The grimaces disappeared from his face; he spoke clearly and with confidence.

**T**ODAY, although still handicapped in his bodily movements, Frank is holding his own with a group of aggressive magazine salesmen. He has saved nearly \$1000 and has his eye on the location where he plans to realize his lifelong dream by working in a religious bookstore—his own.

A counselor visited twenty-six-year-old Frank Paul Carnaggio several times but was absolutely at a loss to suggest an occupation. Paralyzed from the chest down since he was ten, Frank Paul is unable to sit up and must spend his entire life lying on his stomach. On one visit, the counselor accidentally noticed a battered alarm clock on the window sill. "Yes, it's mine," Frank Paul said, "and the funny part of it is that I can take it to pieces and put it together again and it runs."

Needless to say, the counselor soon had Carnaggio studying watch repair by correspondence. Now employed by a jewelry store, he averages about \$75 a week.

Counselors are getting heartening results from their work with the blind. In addition to placing thousands in useful factory jobs, they help many start businesses of their own.

Blind fifty-year-old Theodore Kalkhoff of Mount Clemens, Michigan, had tried to support himself and his wife by raising guinea pigs but had failed to make expenses. The counselor on his case learned that, while no one wanted guinea pigs, the medical market in white mice was booming. Kalkhoff had never raised them, but with the aid of his wife he studied all the books and pamphlets he could find on the subject. The state provided mice, breeding boxes, and other equipment. The mice did their part. Some 300 multiplied to 30,000 within a year. Selling more than 500 a week to Michigan scientific institutions brought Kalkhoff about \$150 a week, which is more than he had made before his sight failed.

Employers are learning that, once properly trained and placed, a handicapped person is not a handicapped employee. Ford Motor Company has made a practice of employing disabled workers in proportion to their number in the area surrounding the plant. At one time, Ford had 11,300 handicapped on the payroll, the Rouge River factory alone using 659 with limited vision, 111 deaf mutes, 135 epileptics, 139 with spinal curvatures, 322 with organic heart ailments, and 622 with deformed or missing extremities.

**O**THER industrial concerns such as Western Electric Company, RCA Victor, Caterpillar Tractor Company, International Business Machines, Allis-Chalmers, Eastman Kodak, and Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company also regularly employ persons with physical impairments.

The variety of jobs they hold is almost unlimited. Cardiacs worked in 99 dif-

ferent job classifications at the Lockheed Aircraft Corporation. The Cincinnati Occupational Research Committee found 589 handicapped persons employed at 193 various types of work. Amputees are shoemakers, farmers, stock clerks, and teachers. Persons with arrested tuberculosis work as accountants, bakers, watchmakers, and laboratory technicians. Epileptics are draftsmen, electricians, and farmhands.

Determination to succeed makes the average physically impaired employee a more conscientious worker than his non-handicapped neighbor. The U. S. Bureau of Labor Statistics survey of 88,600 workers with physical impairments reveals that 93 per cent had average or better-than-average attendance records; 58 per cent stayed on the job longer; and, in another study, three-quarters of the employers questioned reported that impaired employees produced at a rate as good as or slightly better than unimpaired fellow workers.

**P**UTTING such people to work pays dividends. Maintaining a disabled person at public or private expense costs \$300 to \$600 annually. The price of rehabilitation averages about \$450, and it is paid only once. The 277,000 successfully rehabilitated since 1943 alone have increased their earnings by one billion dollars and paid ninety-two million dollars in federal income taxes.

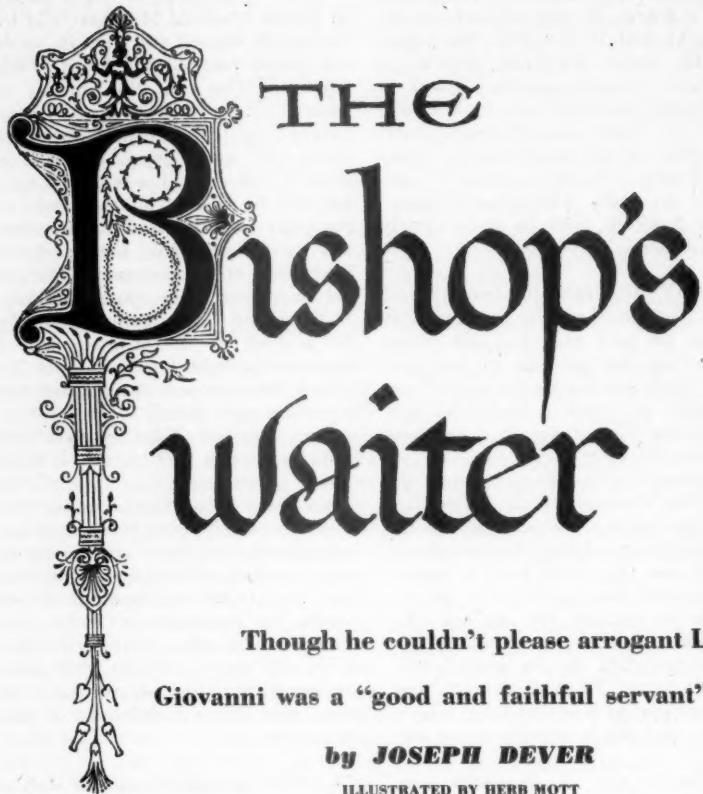
No figures can evaluate what it means to a man to regain his ability to make his own way and with it his self-respect. An inkling of it shines from the simple words of an amputee to an Atlanta counselor. "I was helpless," he said, "but you came to my rescue. I don't believe I can ever be wholly discouraged again."



Merle Bennett trained himself in woodwork and is now helping two handicapped boys



Paul Carnaggio, expert in watch repairing, works on his reclining "chair," which is operated by means of an electric motor



# THE Bishop's waiter

LUIGI has a sign in the window of his restaurant which reads: "The Best Food Any Where." And you would be inclined to believe all that if you were Luigi or if you ate there once and then in several other places that were considerably worse. No matter what the sign's integrity, the people who work in the offices above and around the restaurant break their bread and drink their wine in Luigi's largely because they do not enjoy physical exercise in almost any form.

No one could ever be sure whether or not Luigi's waiters, Giovanni and Nick, agreed or disagreed with the sign in the window. When you asked Nick if Luigi served the best food anywhere, he would raise his bushy, gray eyebrows, glance to the left and right, locating Luigi, and then say slowly, disconsolately: "Ask Giovanni. He is the Bishop's waiter."

So maybe after you had watched Nick shuffle away, his blue-serged hams almost as wide as he is long, you took another sip of bourbon and signaled for that scrawny, effervescent minister of ravioli, Giovanni. He would come smiling over, pedaling along in his indefatigable way, in the way he could keep his feet and body moving even when standing at his post near the lobby entrance. It was there, at half-past twelve daily, that he could spot the Bishop stepping gracefully down the sweeping lobby stairs.

"Is it true, Giovanni—the sign in the window, I mean—is it really true?"

"Heh-heh," Giovanni would titter in his infectious, too-intense manner, looking to left and right.

"Come on, now, what about that sign? Is the food that good?"

"The Bishop seems to like it." Giovanni would say, grinning and backing away. "Heh-heh-heh!"

About that time Luigi, tall, broad-shouldered and with a cruelly handsome face, would bump abruptly out through the kitchen's swinging doors. His aristocratic, high-boned features would seem even more cruel because of the pale tracery of a scar winding from the middle of his right cheek to the hinge of his jaw.

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JOSEPH DEVER, Boston College graduate and ex-GI, has written many times for THE SIGN. His short stories have also appeared in Yank, America, Commonweal, etc.

Though he couldn't please arrogant Luigi,

Giovanni was a "good and faithful servant"

by JOSEPH DEVER

ILLUSTRATED BY HERB MOTT

"Your menus, where are your menus, Giovanni?" he would demand in a voice still rich and thick with the sun and the wine of Tuscany. "What are you doing all morning? The Bishop is here already?"

Giovanni had forgotten the midday menus again. He would giggle feverishly and then scurry in terror before the Mediterranean thunder of Luigi. He'd dart into a booth where the menus lay clean and tentative beside a ponderous old Woodstock. Then he'd begin his nervous, one-finger tattoo, setting down the current repertoire of the finest food anywhere.

Nick would rush to a table and meticulously finger the silverware as Luigi bumbled by him, diving his eyes appraisingly into and out of the booths. Even in his haste to go and terrorize the bartender, Luigi could not refrain from taking his soundings of the booths.

To an occupied booth he would say, by way of bluff amenity: "Ah-lo, how are you today?"

"Fine, fine." You might be constrained to say through your spaghetti.

"How is your deen-er?" Luigi would continue, pausing and pummeling you with the irrepressible charm of his lush Latin presence. "Good, huh?" He would answer before you could speak.

"Fine, fine." You might mumble, hop-

ing he would go before you offered to pay double.

When he had swept on to the bar, you could listen to Giovanni pecking away at the typewriter in the next booth.

Giovanni did rather well with the menus, when you considered he wasn't too sure of his spelling. His entries were neat and orderly under the reddish, bottle banner of Schlitz. And if you had eaten several times at Luigi's you would chuckle rather than frown over the "Barely Soup" and the potatoes with "Brown Garvey." Then, too, there were the "Chicken Crickets" and the "Ham Parties," not to mention all the Italian dishes which he could spell to a nicety.

If over the life of Giovanni the waiter there inevitably hovered an irascible dark angel named Luigi, there existed also for him the warm and golden sun that was the Bishop's regular midday coming.

Thus, on a day that was to prove most significant in the lives of Giovanni and Luigi, His Excellency, as was his custom, stepped gracefully down the staircase to the restaurant at half past the hour of noon.

Giovanni, standing anxiously at the lobby entrance, smiled eagerly at the portly, rubicund man in the immaculate black serge suit.

"How are you, today, Giovanni?" The

THE SIGN

*There existed also for Giovanni  
the warm, golden sun that was the  
Bishop's regular midday coming*

*MURRAY  
SCOTT*



Bishop asked, smiling so deeply that you knew his jaw muscles had been limbered by a thousand repetitions of the same genial smile. Deep down into his majestic jowls sank the roots of that smile, drawing upon the joy and compassion of his spirit for its sunshiny vigor.

"I am well, Your Excellence," Giovanni said quickly in his sudden, high-pitched voice. "There is some pain, but that I have had every day for the past two years."

"Did you see Doctor Wentzell, as I suggested?" the Bishop asked.

"Yes, Excellence, I have seen him. He wants me to take it easy and he gave me some drops." Giovanni paused and added apologetically, "I take the drops."

"You must not work so hard, Giovanni," the Bishop counseled anxiously. "Does Luigi know how you feel?"

"He knows, but what can he do, Excellence? Hire another waiter? Then I would have no job."

The Bishop's smile had waned. It seemed, at that moment, as though all the social and economic woes of his diocese were symbolized in Giovanni. What could he do for him? What could he do? He would talk it over with the director of his social welfare department that afternoon.

Giovanni grew more nervous. Perhaps he had spoiled the Bishop's appetite even before His Excellency had sat down. He grinned quickly, intensely, stinging with remorse.

"If it pleases you, Excellence, your booth is ready."

The Bishop's smile flowered again as he followed Giovanni to his private booth, nodding and speaking softly to the smartly dressed stenographers, clerks, and salesmen along the way.

After he was seated the Bishop perused the menu.

"What is this 'Brown Garvey'?" he asked, mock-sternly, slipping on his thick, tortoise-shell glasses as if he were reading a letter from the Pope.

"Brown garvey, Excellence?" Giovanni jittered through flashes of his small, even white teeth. "Hot, brown garvey with the meat and potatoes."

"Oh, I see," the Bishop said, chuckling distantly. "I don't think I'll have any of that today. How about that chicken salad you're so good at?"

"**S**I, Excellence, I will make it for you the way you like it. Lots and lots of chicken. Will you have some barely soup?"

"No barely soup," the Bishop said, chuckling again. "Just the salad and coffee."

Giovanni fled to the kitchen.

Quickly, generously, deftly, Giovanni mixed the salad on a tray stand to one side of the swinging doors. When he

had finished, he stepped back and surveyed with upturned hands the creamy, pungent mixture that was dominated by large chunks of white chicken.

He wiped his hands with a napkin and reached for the bowl eagerly—eager to serve the Bishop as fast as his feverish being would allow, eager to run across half of America to the east coast and then across the Atlantic, if it could be done, to garnish the green, creamy mixture with the sun and smells of Italy.

He felt the large, calloused hand of Luigi at his elbow. "Joot a meenit. I have seen this salad," Luigi said. "Even for the Bee-ship you do not use two cans of cheeken."

Luigi opened his hands in tentative explanation, almost as if the Bishop might be within earshot. "I have bills, bills, all the time it is I who must pay these bills. Madonn!"



**He sang the Mass in an awesome, full baritone voice**

Giovanni trembled all over and tried to speak. "But, his Excellence . . ."

"His Excellency has bills also; he would understand."

Luigi wiped one hand on his apron and carefully probed the succulent mélange with thumb and forefinger. He extricated several large pieces of chicken and placed them on a small plate.

Giovanni drew back in horror. His mouth worked a little, but he could not speak.

"Go now," Luigi said, fattening his lips genially, "serve His Excellency. He will like it this way." He patted the trembling Giovanni on the shoulder.

Giovanni snatched at the bowl and pushed abruptly through the swinging doors.

Later, when the Bishop had lunched and gone back to episcopal labors in his plush, wainscoted vineyard on the second floor, Giovanni lifted the dishes and silverware from the table with tears in his eyes.

"Paisan, what is the matter?" He heard Nick's voice softly at his shoulder. "Why do you cry? The Bishop was not satisfied today?"

"No, not the Bishop. He is never un-

kind. Only that monster who owns our bodies while we are here. It is as if he had rented us from the devil for a time and wants to make us feel at home."

"Softer, Giovanni," Nick said, slipping into the Bishop's private booth and lifting a piece of silver. "Do not let him know he has you running. Dry your tears now, do not let him know. What did you get from the Church today?"

**G**IOVANNI took two dollars out of his pants pocket. "This," he said, smiling wanly. "His Excellency did not notice the salad was not as usual."

"Give your tears back to the crocodile," Nick said. "You, the Bishop's waiter, should cry because of the monster who whips you with words so that you may receive two-dollar tips. Fifteen years have I been here and I remember like my mother any customer who tipped two dollars in a party of one."

"Ten years have I been here and only the Bishop will peel the green like this," Giovanni said. He kissed the two dollars and slipped them into his pocket.

"You are to polish silverware with the bus boys this afternoon," Nick said. "I am to service the whole floor until dinner time. It is the word of the monster."

"It is no surprise to me," Giovanni said. "Only the Bishop keeps me here. Do you remember the time we painted the inside of Luigi's house one whole hot summer day and reported in time for dinner that same evening?"

"I remember," Nick said. "That following Christmas, and that alone, he bought us a drink at the bar, selecting the bottle himself. But on our way. He comes, the monster, now."

"Giovanni! Giovanni!" Luigi called. "You are still at the Bishop's table? We will get you a Roman collar and you can serve always by his side, ushering in the rich and shielding him from the poor. Until then, there is silverware to polish in the kitchen."

Giovanni nodded and lifted the heavily laden tray. He turned and found himself confronted by the sullen, handsome cliff of Luigi, his arms folded, his eyes raised quizzically. "And the salad, Giovanni? How did His Excellency seem to like it? I have heard no complaint."

It hurt Giovanni very much to say it. He contorted his features and clipped his words off coldly. "The Bishop liked his lunch."

"Ah-ha, ah-ha-ha-ha!" Luigi laughed, expanding with rich egotism. "So, I told you, no? It is as I said it would be. The Bee-ship is a man, as are all men. He knows a good salad when it is first in the nose and then in the belly. And I, Luigi, fixed it for him as I have done in Milano, New York, Kansas City for many years. Do what I say, Giovanni, do what I say. You will be happy here!"

Giovanni stumbled under the weight of the tray. He recovered his steps, however, and hurried on to the kitchen.

As he slumped weakly over the dishes, having set them down near the dish-washing machine, Giovanni knew again the pain which had seared his chest sporadically for the past two years. As the spasm spread with swift, fierce electricity, he thought with a certain warmth and longing of the great gold chain which the Bishop wore around his neck and at the end of which was a crucifix.

He thought he could see that crucifix swaying before him now and above it the Bishop smiling sadly but warmly, sadly but warmly . . .

He reached hazily for a half-empty glass of water on the long zinc kitchen counter and he heard the avenging voice of Luigi as from some great and ever-widening distance.

"Nicola!" Luigi called, staring into the mirror above the bar where he could see Nick standing idly, his arms folded, his eyelashes blinking, fighting up and down. "Nicola, while you are busy waiting for no one, slice some more bread for tonight's dinner. I do not pay you to . . ."

Then the crash and the thud rioted into his rhetoric, kindling new wrath as he ran to the kitchen where the flames of his avenging anger would soon go waning under the sudden rain that is death—that penetrates all roofing, floods away all riches, all power, and all pride.

THE morning of the funeral was gray and needly with chill wind.

When Nick pushed open the back door of the sleek pallbearers' car, one of the great brass throats of St. Ireneus', the Bishop's church, tolled long and mournfully for the soul of Giovanni, sometime waiter to the Ordinary of the diocese.

Nick held the door while the others filed out of the limousine, Luigi leading, his handsome, sullen face in arid contrast to the tear-smeared features of the two pair of Pistelli brothers and Pistelli cousins.

Nick, too, was oozing steadily at the eyes. Hate crackled in the bog of his sadness when he looked on the calm and arrogant Luigi.

He wreaked out his animosity on the limousine door, slamming it hard.

The pallbearers took positions three on each side of the hearse. The tall hatted undertaker nodded to two beef-faced men in tight-fitting morning suits. They in turn nodded at the pallbearers and proceeded to unlimber the casket from its mobile platinum moorings.

Nick found himself behind Luigi on one side of the casket as they strained up the stairs to the church. The tolling continued, deep and lachrymose, calling

Giovanni home for a reckoning and a rest.

Soon they were in the great Byzantine style church, followed by Giovanni's widow and a score of other mourners. Up on the high altar sat the Bishop in episcopal state, presiding over the little man who had ministered to his corporal needs for ten indefatigable years. The organ groaned majestically.

The pallbearers left the coffin at the altar railing, turned and took seats behind the mourners.

After the Bishop, majestic in his miter and richly robed in black, had prayed over the body, circled it slowly, sprinkling holy water as he went, he ascended the altar and began the Mass.

He sang the Mass in an awesome, full baritone voice which Nick had never associated with the amiable accents in

► The best reformers the world has ever seen are those who commence on themselves.

—G. B. SHAW

which the Bishop ordered chicken salad or chuckled genially over a goblet of Luigi's ruby-colored wine.

The tears came again to Nick's eyes as he thought of the Bishop's gesture toward his wan and pedaling gnome of a waiter. Giovanni ordinarily would have been buried from the simple little wooden church of St. Anthony. The Bishop had asked Mrs. Pistelli if she would allow him to conduct the ceremony at St. Ireneus. And now the splendor was mounting wondrously between earth and heaven calling upon the Trinity to receive the jittery little man who was so good at juggling plates of spaghetti.

Nick glanced at Luigi, who knelt with cold, arid dignity beside him. The Bishop finished the singing of the Gospel and prepared to ascend the pulpit. He removed his skull cap and fixed again upon his head the tall, commanding opulence of the miter.

"Blessed are the meek," the Bishop began from the pulpit, "for they shall possess the land." He spoke slowly, gently, his stern, yet kind, heavily jowled face looking into the faces of the mourners and at the same time seeming to look beyond them.

"We have come together this morning," he continued, "to commend the soul of our departed brother, Giovanni Pistelli, to eternal rest in the Lord."

Nick looked again at Luigi out of the side of his eyes. He was sitting impassively, sullenly—half-listening, half-reckoning, Nick thought unkindly, the time and the money that would be lost this day.

"It is fitting that this meek man

Giovanni should possess the land—by which the Lord meant, of course, heaven, eternal happiness. In life, Giovanni was ever the servant of men. And in fulfilling that calling with every deft and docile action of his hospitable pursuit, in fulfilling the duties of his vocation of service to men with all his strength, in living intensely, yes, in dying while engaged in the exhausting continuity of service, he served his God and served Him well."

THE Bishop paused, turning from the mourners and looking down at the coffin, a touch of warm whimsy crinkling his face:

"Giovanni." He said so softly that Nick and the others leaned forward in their pews. Beside him Nick sensed a kindred movement that went through him with a swift chill. Luigi listened too, Madonn', Luigi listened.

"Giovanni," the Bishop repeated gently with a sure, sibilant Italian accent, the acquisition of his years at the American College in Rome, "*Non ci scordar*" he added fluently as if it were a familiar snatch of church ritual. His mitered head dipped easily upward as he translated slowly, compassionately. "Do not forget us, do not forget us when you come, through God's mercy, to the kingdom of heaven.

"For you have been our servant here on earth," he went on, raising his voice gradually and facing the congregation again, "my servant, Luigi's servant, the servant of all who came to you for the nutritious needs of the body—the servant of all and thus the servant of God. And now that you have gone before us for your measure of eternal happiness we pray for you and ask your prayers in return.

"Giovanni." He lisped softly again in the lyrical poignancy of the Italian. "Pray for your good widow that she may flower God's shining glory out of the shadows of her weeds; pray for Luigi that he may know the master must be as the servant if he would obtain eternal life; pray for Nicola that his loneliness may be assuaged; pray for your Bishop that he may be as is the Holy Father, the *servus servorum Dei*; pray for all who are masters and all who are servants that they may be meek and humble together under the Master of all souls. *Pax tecum*, Giovanni Pistelli."

The Bishop made the sign of the cross over the coffin and the congregation. He turned and stepped slowly down the pulpit stairs.

Nick buried his swampy face in his hands as the Bishop resumed the Mass. He could not bring himself to look at Luigi, whom he could feel beside him, convulsing slowly, mountingly, with choking, mewling sobs.



• Though the Cana Conference is of fairly recent origin, it has grown out of all proportion to its age. The Cana Conference, named after the marriage scene in the Gospel, consists in a gathering of husbands and wives meeting for the purpose of helping each other spiritually and to find in marriage the satisfaction and joy that God intended.

When the Cana Conference started in Washington, D.C., Mr. and Mrs. Culhane, above, were among the original members. The Conferences were inspirational, and the Culhanes were anxious to carry over the benefits. They started Cana Clubs in the District. These clubs are limited to four couples and have the same aims of the Conference, but discussions are narrowed down to the problems of the small group. They also assist each other in the very practical order, in time of sickness, of birth, and other emergencies. Mr. and Mrs. Culhane have been instrumental in the founding of some sixteen Cana Clubs thus far.

Mr. Culhane, a professional social worker, and his wife often give talks promoting this work. Asked why she became interested, Mrs. Culhane modestly wrote, "Because we need help as well as others."

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**P**  
*People*

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Circle, Jimmy Powers works at his desk. Below, he interviews Arthur Susskind, Jr., son of former boxer "Young Otto."



• Jimmy Powers is Sports Editor of the New York *Daily News* and author of the daily "Powerhouse," a sports column read by more people than any other sports column in America. Jimmy is the eldest of ten children, one of whom is a priest. Born in Oklahoma, he now resides in Tarrytown, N. Y., with his wife and three children.

These pictures were taken on a typically crowded Powers day. In the morning he wrote his column, after which he went to Marymount College where, as a member of the faculty, he teaches two classes a day. By four o'clock he was in New York City attending a meeting of one of the advertising agencies. Then he went to Station WNEW where he tape-recorded his evening radio show which is heard daily. By 6:45 he was before the television cameras conducting his daily TV powerhouse. At eight o'clock he was at St. Helena's in the Bronx telecasting the Golden Gloves and left there in time to go to White Plains for his regular weekly commentary on the bouts there.

Besides this daily routine, Jimmy also finds time to write a column, "Sports Slants," for *The Catholic Boy*. He is frequently a speaker at Communion breakfasts and is active in the Catholic press. He is past President of the Catholic Institute of the Press.



# Woman to Woman

by KATHERINE BURTON

## Older Than the Puritans

THIS THANKSGIVING I am going to be different about what I give thanks for. The settlers who started this feast officially gave thanks for food and for the fact that they were still alive after their first harsh months in the new world. These were laudable things for which to give thanks, and they still are, for I suppose that from tomahawks to atomic bombs is really only a step—whether backward or forward remains debatable.

Of course, Thanksgiving is lots older than the Puritan day of its historical celebration. Before that men knelt and thanked God for safe arrival in this wild new land. I remember a picture of Columbus, depicting him on his knees in gratitude to God that the ships came safely through. And I am sure many a friar in the West thanked God thus and, more than that, taught their convert Indians to thank Him. Somehow I like better the idea of those earlier thanksgivings, those of Catholics kneeling, as Catholics still kneel before God, than the later one where people just sat around and thanked Him. Nobody thought of Our Lady, or of Saint Joseph either, at that later feast. They were not invited at all, for they were part of Popery. At that first official feast, a pumpkin pie was all right to set on the table, but the "minced pye" of old England—that was popish too, for people used to make a cross of dough on top of it. The Puritan housewife who essayed one of those pies would have jolly well found herself in jail. For despite the lines in the poem about the Puritans:

"They have left unstained what there they found  
Freedom to worship God."

that was not entirely true. The Quakers could testify to that and so could the Catholics; in fact, it is always a delight to point out to those who call Catholics narrow the fact that the Catholic state of Maryland was the only one of the original thirteen to offer freedom of religion.

Catholics use common sense, but they have grace as well to balance it. And my thanks this year are offered because the Catholic Faith is compounded so wonderfully of grace and common sense. It is quite true that all Catholics are not possessed of both these qualities in equal parts; there are some, I admit, who seem totally lacking in one or the other. But I am speaking of the Faith. The qualities are there and all we have to do is take them. Protestants often have common sense, but they seem to have trouble with grace, and some are so emotional that they mistake emotion for grace, which it decidedly is not.

## A Broken Rosary

I REMEMBER years ago in a college English class one of our members had written a poem about a nun, and she read it aloud. It was one of those plots where the nun was remembering her lovely life in the world, the true love she had turned away, and moaning about the dreariness of cloister life. After some nicely phrased lines came the dramatic end: she clutched her rosary so tightly that it broke and some of the beads rolled away on the floor. To us, this seemed a fine, poetic end, but up spoke the one Catholic in the class. Marie was not the brightest among us, but she was a fair student who answered what was asked and made few extraneous comments. But now she said, "That couldn't be true," and proceeded to explain in a practical and unpoetic

fashion how rosary beads are fastened separately on a chain and can't fall off and roll away like that.

She must have realized we resented having her spoil so fine a poem in so plain-spoken a way, for she dug into her purse and, pulling out her own rosary, she handed it to the girl next to her. It was passed around and examined, and eventually it reached the professor, who looked at it coldly as if staring out of countenance someone she had not met socially. She thanked Marie politely, and the latter, not a girl to get nuances of manners, sat down, obviously glad she had convinced us that the poem just didn't happen to have the facts. For a long time, I resented that explanation which spoiled the poem, but which I see now was using common sense to explain grace. For there is, I have learned with the years, a difference between writing with gracefulness and with grace. And also it is interesting to note that one reason for the success of motion pictures based on the lives of some of our great Saints is just this element of grace, though I don't imagine producers accept the plot with that in mind. Protestant groups are constantly hunting around for film subjects to equal those which have a Catholic saint as star. But you can't mix a saint as you do a recipe—so much spice, so much salt, so much common sense, so much grace.

Joan of Arc, Bernadette, Vincent de Paul—common sense they all had, in the cloister, on the field of battle, in the tenements and alleys of poverty. But we have had good generals and fine social workers who did not become saints. Perhaps a definition of a saint would be someone who has grace beyond the line of duty.

## For a True Picture

AS EXAMPLES of a fine mingling of grace and common sense of which Catholicism alone is capable, I offer two books recently published, one by a Benedictine nun, called *What Must I Do?* It contains, says the dust cover, "complete information on convent life and what it means to be a sister." It does just that and with grace and common sense. Sister Mary Paul Reilly is a librarian who was bothered because she could not find any book which would give interested girls a modern and realistic account of the life of a religious. She does not, and I quote the cover again, "oversell the one or underestimate the other." The book tells of convent life so charmingly and informally that you all but feel you are wearing the veil yourself, so thoroughly do you feel a part of the family.

The other book is addressed to those seeking a way of life in the world and is written by a laywoman. It is called *Fitting God into the Picture*. Again we have the simple advice of someone who has experienced what she is writing about. "To reconcile a spiritual life with the handling of money, with the so-called sophisticated conversation of our friends, with the earthly demands of our active family—this is a never-ending job," writes Mrs. Coakley, and she has done a fine job of telling how it can be done.

Neither of these authors is preachy—that much-resented quality in many books of this kind. These are written by women who know their own forms of life well. And both have filled the books with those qualities for which I am offering thanks this Thanksgiving—for the common sense and grace inherent in the Faith.

# Books

## A FEARFUL JOY

By Joyce Cary.  
Harper & Bros.

This is the story of worlds in collision, social, emotional, moral and industrial worlds, spinning, colliding, and splitting in the chaos caused by great wars and mechanical progress. "The cheap motor has produced a new social order apparently by itself and without any regard to logic or politics, or morals or security," says Mr. Cary, who shows us the old and new orders through the eyes of his heroine, Tabitha.

Tabitha, to escape boredom, elopes with the scoundrel, Bonser, her "fearful joy," who finally marries her fifty years later, when she is the widow of another man and grandmother of Bonser's own offspring.

Cary is a first-rate craftsman and creator of character. Both Tabitha and her Bonser, "that danger and burden who has also been the ground and sky of her life," are memorable portraits, somehow reminiscent of Dickens in the violence of their respective vices and virtues.

With consummate skill, he keeps these figures clearly in focus on a canvas that includes the most minute detail of daily living in and about London from the late Victorian era to the end of World War II.

NORAH MEADE CORCORAN



Joyce Cary

343 pages.  
\$3.00

one of the finest adventure stories to come along in many years. Heyerdahl wisely kept his thesis out of the book.

Across the Pacific from South America to magic lands of the South Seas! Into a world of silence and friendly fish, of storms, of ever-present dolphins and flying fish, shark and whale, of miraculous and strange constellations. And finally, after 101 days and nights and 4,300 miles of open sea, arrival at Puka Puka near Tahiti!

It is impossible to convey the enjoyment one will get out of this book. Let Heyerdahl and Dr. Peter Buck at the Bishop Museum in Honolulu debate the origins of the Polynesians. But let everyone who still enjoys a clean, thrilling, honest story board the *Kon-Tiki* and escape into a clean, fine, natural world—if only for an evening. And thank F. H. Lyon for the translation and Rand McNally for the lavish use of photographs.

JOHN O'CONNOR

periences by a process of personal identification in such things as a visit to the son's school or the attempt to buy a second-hand tuxedo. Some may find irreverence in the description of the Papal audience.

Miss Skinner is an actress especially skilled as a farcical monologist. Her writing is derivative; it is a reduction of the staged monologue to print.

TOM HURLEY

## THE COMMON MAN

By G. K. Chesterton.  
Sheed and Ward.

G. K. Chesterton's notorious and self-confessed untidiness is another of those ill winds which manage to waft a blessing in somebody's direction. For here is Sheed and Ward turning up new Chesterton material for the American market almost a decade and a half after that genial poet went to live with the troubadours of the Church Triumphant.

G. K. had the habit of dumping potentially immortal essays into attic boxes and ancient trunks while he dealt with what he considered the more important commitments of the moment. As a result, his literary executor discovered a mine of Chestertoniana that is entirely unknown to a sizable segment of his army of admirers.

*The Common Man* represents a highly successful compilation of this buried treasure. As you will suspect, the essays deal with the little fellow, the plain man, essentially good-hearted though loaded with pathetic human faults. Chesterton always loved him and defended him against a host of fashionable and flush tyrants. These essays represent a series of skirmishes in this sociological war. While the author never thought of them as one book nor molded them into a literary unit, they have a higher and more natural unity. They are many facets of G. K.'s unvarying belief in the superiority of the humble citizen to all the secular castes which almost invariably persecute him.

You won't have to be persuaded that it is Chesterton who speaks. All his literary virtues and all his literary sins are here—the bubbling courtesy and good nature with which he mercifully anesthetized controversial opponents while he fayed them, the breath-taking

## KON-TIKI

By Thor Heyerdahl.  
Rand McNally & Co.

Learning that *Kon-Tiki* had been released, one feared a storm brewing on the horizon of ethnology. This new work is the story of a journey by raft across the south Pacific by six modern Vikings who set out to prove that the Indians from South America might have been the ancestors of the mysterious Polynesian race in the Pacific. There are many ethnologists who will question Thor Heyerdahl's thesis despite his courageous voyage.

But, from the moment you open the book until the moment you close it, you will never know of the battles in the lecture rooms. You will be enthralled by



T. Heyerdahl

304 pages.  
\$1.00

## NUTS IN MAY

By Cornelia Otis Skinner. 188 pages.  
Dodd, Mead & Co.

\$2.75

Cornelia Otis Skinner some years ago wrote (with her college pal Emily Kimbrough) *Our Hearts were Young and Gay*, a story of two young girls and their trip abroad. Deservedly, it was a best seller. Funny and flippan, it had a quality of universality which enabled readers to participate in the fun. Using the same formula, Miss Skinner has continued through the years writing delightfully about the sunny side of her personal life. This is the third or fourth time she has appeared in book form.

*Nuts in May* is a collection of thirteen short episodes, anecdotes, experiences, recollections — a one-word description would be to call the items "skinnerettes" — which originally appeared, with one exception, in the *New Yorker* magazine. Four of the pieces are about the author's son, four are about her stage and theatrical experiences. Four of the remaining five concern an audience with the Pope in the mid-twenties, buying a piece of property, trying to send a radiogram in Paris, and an interview with Dr. Kinsey. The thirteenth is a parody on John Steinbeck which is out of place and unworthy of the companion pieces. The reader can laugh with the various ex-

279 pages.

\$3.00



G. K. Chesterton

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By H. J. Heagney

Father Heagney portrays interestingly and colorfully the life of Saint Jeanne Frances de Chantal, first as wife and mother, and then, in association with Saint Francis de Sales, as the founder of the Order of the Visitation.

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### THE GLORIOUS ASSUMPTION OF THE MOTHER OF GOD

By Joseph Duhr, S.J.

This book begins with a general discussion of the theological principles governing the acceptance of a belief by the Church, and then applies these principles to the history of the development of the doctrine of the Assumption up to the present time.

November \$2.25

### THE MEANING OF FATIMA

By C. C. Martindale, S.J.

This book will satisfy a great many readers who would like to have many little questions about the message of Fatima resolved. The author, of course, needs no introduction. No matter what subject he applies himself to, the result is always entertaining and stimulating.

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### THE GOOD DUCHESS

Joan of France

By Ann M. C. Forster

The subject of this biography was canonized a Saint on Pentecost Sunday of this year. After her marriage to Louis XII had been annulled on the grounds of being forced into it, Joan became Duchess of Berry and devoted her life to religion. In time she founded the cloistered Order of the Annunciation, becoming one of the professed nuns herself.

September \$2.50

### FAITH IN GOD'S LOVE

By Sister Jean-Baptiste, Sister of Providence  
Translated from the French by Mary Paula Williamson and Mary Garrity

This book first takes the sublime thoughts of the spiritual life out of the realm of formula into practical simple language without losing theological accuracy, and secondly proposes a view of the spiritual life in the light of a conviction of God's love for each individual soul.

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bursts of purest poetry, the tour de force with which he groped wordily for a dim fugitive thought, his almost miraculous power to develop the dynamic in the simplest idea, and his notable lack of the Bellocian talent for building many ideas into an orderly synthesis.

Let us hope that there are enough Chesterton manuscripts left in garret receptacles to keep us supplied with many compilations like *The Common Man*.

HENRY EDWARDS.

### CHARACTER AND SITUATION

By Christopher Sykes. 240 pages.  
Alfred Knopf, Inc. \$3.00

*Character and Situation* is one of those collections of short stories that talented products of the English public school system do so well. It is written with elegance, wit, and irony, and being by an Old Downside boy has a strong sense of right and wrong.

It is too bad, perhaps, that the best story should be served up first. After "The Sacred and The Profane," or what an Irish chaplain in the British Army did when a stolen chalice was put up as a steeplechase trophy in an African town, almost any tale, anywhere, would be anticlimactic; even these polished studies of life, high and low, in India, Persia, or the Parisian suburbs.

In his ingratiating Introduction, Evelyn Waugh invites the ladies and gentlemen of the New World to take Mr. Sykes to their warm hearts. He also mentions the variety of theme and exotic localities of the stories. Variety there may be, but their difference is the difference of Maugham from Kipling, rather than of any great originality. They have, too, a rather cold and artificial air.

But, then, as Waugh points out, Mr. Sykes does not write for any particular market. In fact, he writes in the manner of a man who does it purely to please himself. Perhaps the public-be-damned attitude of the author is best typified in the completely prosaic title he picked for his really outstanding piece of work.

CLORINDA CLARKE

### LIFT UP YOUR HEART

By Fulton J. Sheen. 308 pages.  
McGraw-Hill Book Co. \$3.00

We have in this book a compact and unique spiritual library for our times and certainly some of the best of Monsignor Sheen. With the clinical care of a gifted surgeon, the author analyzes, cuts, probes, excises, resects the whole sick structure of the spiritual being of modern man, with the calm detachment of the lecturer in the operating theater.

Here there is an almost catechetical directness, as he probes man's being and

destiny and modern dilemma. With prayerful wisdom and the urgency of Christ-like charity, he leads us, first as infants, spiritually spoiled, selfish, egotistic, up to the level of the merely natural good. Pausing, we find there no completion or integration of our makeup. We must go higher, to the divine level where we are born to share the very life of God by grace.

This book is a modern *Canterbury Tales*, without identities, for we are not quite sure of our own image as we begin the pilgrimage to sanity and sanctity.

It is a sobering commentary on our times that more readers will be familiar with *The Egg and I* than with the Monsignor's vital chapters on *The Ego and I*.

If you want to know what makes you "tick" or find where you fit in the divine catalogue, no better guide can be put into your hands than this splendid book. For this is everybody's book—the cynic, the materialist, the hedonist, the determinist, the atomist, the secularist, the Communist, and the Christian.

W. J. FITZPATRICK

### CHAMPION ROAD

By Frank Tilsley. 563 pages.  
Julian Messner, Inc. \$3.50

After publishing sixteen novels in England, Frank Tilsley has sent America his latest book, *Champion Road*. There is a great deal in its 563 pages that suggests Dickens' *Copperfield*—not his sentimentalism nor Victorian morality. No son of a Dickens' hero ever married his father's mistress. But some of the earlier novelist's realism, his attention to detail, and sharp delineation of character is present in *Champion Road*.

Like Dickens, Mr. Tilsley uses an autobiographical approach to the story of the robust and hard-headed Jonathan Briggs who spends his youth in the squalor and poverty of the north England mill towns in the 1900's. While delivering papers at a few pennies a week, he meets his future wife, the shrewish Nellie "who had that look of knowing what the lads wanted and also knowing they weren't going to get it—not off her, anyhow." Throughout their married life, Nellie is the foil for the turbulent Briggs who amasses several "paper" fortunes speculating in cotton after the first World War, and then pushing a housing development in recent years.

With careful pruning, Mr. Tilsley might have written an interesting story. There is, however, a fundamental weakness in his handling of the novel. Aside from the fact that he has bowed to modern demand for sex, his hero does not mature. The battle scars left from his tangles with life's problems, some of



F. Tilsley



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**THE SAINTS IN PICTURES (\$1.00 each)** won't take up much room, even if you get all four of them: *St. Anthony of Egypt*, *St. Jerome*, *St. Francis of Assisi* and *St. Catherine of Siena*. The text in all is by Maisie Ward, and each has four reproductions of famous pictures in full color and nine in black and white. These are indeed enchanting little books. **THE MARY BOOK (\$4.00)**, on the other hand, is an enchanting BIG book—just the large, satisfactory book on Our Lady we always wanted. F. J. Sheed assembled it from the best writings of more than thirty authors; it covers every aspect of Our Lady's life, the doctrines about her and devotions to her. This, too, has reproductions of four great pictures in full color and nine in black and white.

We have a brand new spiritual writer to introduce to you, Dorothy Dohen. She has called her book **VOCATION TO LOVE (\$2.50)** because, she says, to love God and all mankind for His sake is everybody's vocation, and very few of us ever realize how bad we are at it.

Sister Mariella Gable has made another collection of short stories, **MANY-COLORED FLEECE (\$3.50)**. It has stories in it by everyone you hope to see there—Frank O'Connor, Lucile Hasley, and Brian MacMahon among them.

**THE MASS and THE CREED IN SLOW MOTION** have a successor: **THE GOSPEL IN SLOW MOTION (\$2.50)**. The new book is mostly on the Sunday Gospels, and naturally everybody who loved Msgr. Knox's other "slow motion" books wants this one: there is a rather widely held theory that it is the best of the three.

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**SHEED & WARD**      New York 3

which he made himself and some inevitable, only make him a bit more worldly wise.

American fiction has too long been cursed with the hero who runs the gamut of mistakes and violations of the moral code, and then for the sake of sales must live happily ever after. It does not need a foreign impetus.

ELIZABETH M. NUGENT

### BORN AGAIN

By Dorothy Fremont Grant. 254 pages.  
Bruce Publishing Co. \$3.00

Mrs. Grant, a convert of some years standing, declares: "Natural sixteen is brimful of vim, enthusiasm, alertness, idealism, and confidence. So, too, is *Born Again* sixteen." She personifies her own adage: "Real enthusiasm simply cannot be kept to oneself." She talks on a variety of subjects: baptism, the creed, marriage and birth control, authority, the gifts of the Holy Ghost, Communism, statism, and education. She also includes the story of Fatima. Most of her material is chitchat, informal, and lively. However, don't get the idea that her work is merely superficial; she thinks alertly on the times and trends.

Her thoughts about the layman are appropriate: "In his private capacity he may defend and teach his religion in the market place, in the Pullman car, in civic or social gatherings, in private homes, in the business office, in the factory, in any social circumstance natural to lay activity. By the spoken and written word, under the guidance of ecclesiastical authority, the layman may and must defend and teach the truth." Here is another cogent idea: "The tongue-tied Catholic is a bottleneck on the road to Rome for many wondering, wishing, contemplating people who long to talk of things Catholic with a Catholic."

In his preface, Father James M. Gillis makes a good critical comment: "In the midst of Mrs. Grant's miscellanea there is, however, a central idea. She is convinced that religion is not a secret, and that the Church is no Masonic order pretending to conceal world-shaking truth from the uninitiated."

FRANK HANLON

### MISSION TO THE POOREST

By M. R. Loew, O.P. 181 pages.  
Sheed & Ward. \$3.00

"Action at a distance repels." If you want to bring the masses to Christ, you must first bring Christ to the masses. Père Loew, confronted with the need to apply the social teachings of the Church in his own area of Marseilles, finds that "it was no good wasting time

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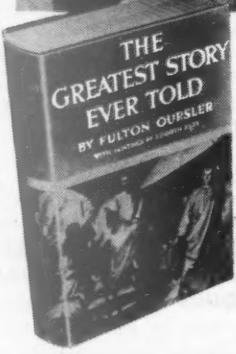
We suppose you have read Father Trese's **VESSEL OF CLAY (\$2.00)** and Lucile Hasley's **REPROACHFULLY YOURS (\$2.25)**? We thought everybody had by this time, but the way both books go on selling there must still be people (strange thought) who haven't met Father Trese or been entertained by Mrs. Hasley. To end with, here are two for children. **ST. PATRICK'S SUMMER** by Marigold Hunt (\$2.50, illus.) is an exciting story for 10 to 14-year-olds, in the course of which she manages to get across a lot of Catholic doctrine. **JESUS AND I** by Abbé Jean Plaquevent is a child's version of *The Imitation of Christ*, no less. It is for small children (up to about eight) and mothers will discover that Father Plaquevent knows small children quite as well as he knows the *Imitation*. (\$1.75)

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Sheed & Ward's **OWN TRUMPET** contains reviews of these books, news of authors, etc. Ask Teresa MacGill to send it to you, free and postpaid.

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on paper theories: the thing to do was to buy an overall on the old-clothes market, get a job like everyone else, and then at the end of the day's work go off and live with the very dregs of the population—the dockers in the port."

Père Loew speaks not only with the authority of three years of actual living with and as the "dregs of the population"—sharing their most abject poverty even to food scavenged from the garbage cans—but he speaks also as a trained sociologist.

And in a punchy, straightforward, and realistic analysis of the role of the parish priest Père Loew asks: "What constitutes the modern barricade between the people and God?" His answer, equally punchy, straightforward, and realistic, is: "First and foremost, the conviction that the Church is identified with the rich, the employer class, the powerful . . . the fact that the Church secular and regular clergy—even when they are personally poor—live in the rhythm of the bourgeois class." The second obstacle, he goes on to say, is the isolation of the priest.

The book is taut with restrained emotion and tender with Christ's own love for the poor. It not only exposes the problems, it clearly points out the solution, and carries the compelling authority of a man who practices what he preaches.

FORTUNATA CALIRI

### BELLES ON THEIR TOES

By Frank Gilbreth, Jr., &

Ernestine G. Carey 237 pages.

Thomas Y. Crowell Co. \$3.00

The Gilbreths, to their everlasting credit, have produced a memorable and worthy companion piece to *Cheaper by the Dozen*. Although one of the dozen is missing (Mary, the next to oldest, died of diphtheria in 1912) and incomparable Father Gilbreth himself is gone, *Belles on Their Toes* is fully as delightful as its forerunner.

The present book is appropriately dedicated to Mother—Lillian Moller Gilbreth—whose added role of breadwinner was thrust upon her after the sudden death of her husband and when the last baby was scarcely two. Partly by carrying on father's ingenious "efficiency" system but principally through her own tireless energy, she proceeded to feed, house, and clothe her eleven fledglings, take them to Sunday school, guide them wisely through the perils of adolescence, and insure their college education by working ten hours every day instructing a class in motion study techniques.

Perhaps the most touching testimonial to her success in the latter respect was voiced unwittingly by one of the younger boys. His kindergarten teacher was understandably skeptical that Mrs. Gilbreth could both earn a living and do adequate justice to her large home, so

she tried to pump Jack about it. "What does your mother do?" she asked. "Lots of things," Jack replied. "She mends my stockings when there are holes in them, and serves the plates at the table, and gets me up in the morning, and tells me stories, and plays the piano so we can sing." "But she can't do all that, John," the teacher said accusingly. "Doesn't she have a career?" "Well, if she does," Jack shouted in response, "she never showed it to me."

But the anecdotes issuing from the commodious house in Montclair are legion. The Gilbreths are the cleverest entertainers to come along in many a literary moon.

LOIS SLADE.

### WALK WITH THE DEVIL

*By Elliot Arnold. 266 pages.  
Alfred Knopf, Inc. \$3.00*

Novels of World War II are still pouring from the presses. The latest, *Walk With The Devil*, employs the Italian Campaign to explore the moral collapse of its main character, Guy Bertini, brought about by his acceptance of the role of a myrmidon.

Does the end ever justify the means? When Guy was a morally upright government lawyer he knew the correct answer. Accordingly, he hates crime and even helps deport his gangster brother, Bartolomeo, back to Italy. Ten years later Guy is a captain serving with the OSS in Italy; Bartolomeo is still a racketeer, though more respectable in the land of his birth. General Culpeper, Guy's superior officer, orders Guy to effect a bargain with Bartolomeo, which the General decides to betray. Culpeper feels it is not reprehensible to cheat a gangster; the only sin is failing to capture a bridge. Bartolomeo can keep the Nazis from destroying. Guy also feels the bridge is important enough to kill his brother for, as he does, after admitting to Culpeper: "I put my ideals away with my toys, general. A long time ago."

The novel succeeds in depicting the moral pitfalls of war, and yet its only strong point is that Guy, Culpeper, and even Bartolomeo, are characterized as being thoroughly aware of their individual responsibility. Mr. Arnold has not written his latest novel for the discriminating reader, and though *Walk With The Devil* is swift-paced and interesting enough to while away a few hours, it hardly is a novel you would recommend—or remember.

GEORGE CEVASCO, JR.

**PRIZE STORIES OF 1950**  
*By Herschell Brickell. 325 pages.  
Doubleday & Co. \$3.50*

This is the thirty-second in a series of volumes recognized as America's best collection of short-story writing. From the initial publication in 1918 through the present edition (stories appearing

from May, 1949 to May, 1950), the purpose of the various editors has been to present to the public a group of short stories representative of contemporary trends and to reward, through its prizes, meritorious accomplishment. The basic rules of eligibility are that the stories be by Americans and that their publication be in American magazines.

Aiding Editor Brickell, who selected and edited the collection, in the awarding of this year's accolades were Hamilton Basso, novelist, biographer, and critic; Sterling North, novelist and book columnist; Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings, novelist, short-story writer, and regional authority.

The winners of the 1950 O. Henry Awards were: First Prize of \$300 to Wallace Stegner for "The Blue-Winged Teal" from *Harper's Magazine*; Second Prize of \$200 to Gudger Bart Leiper for "The Magnolias" from *The Atlantic Monthly*; Third Prize of \$100 to Robert Lowry for "Be Nice to Mr. Campbell" from *The American Mercury*.

Of the twenty-four stories appearing in this collection, sixteen are by men—eight by women. Fifteen of the authors are represented for the first time in this O. Henry series.

Some readers will disagree with the committee's prize selections while others will quarrel with the editor for his admissions and omissions. Nevertheless, when the verbal brickbats have subsided, all fair-minded readers will agree that Editor Brickell and his capable committee rate a "well done" for a most difficult literary task.

WILLIAM MILLER BURKE.

### BERNARD BARUCH

*By W. L. White. 158 pages.  
Harcourt, Brace & Co. \$2.00*

This is a timely book. Now in his eightieth year, Mr. Baruch is still cast in the role of a prophet crying in the wilderness. Son of a Confederate captain and doctor, shrewd Wall Street speculator, financier, economist, philanthropist, and counselor to presidents from Wilson to Truman, Mr. Baruch's career has been a colorful one. The publisher's blurb states that this book is a definitive portrait. This is an exaggeration as it is really only an extended profile, but within its limits it is a smooth and competent picture. Mr. Baruch's crowning achievement, his report to the United Nations on the United States Atomic Energy Proposals, receives considerable space. The backstage maneuvers leading up to the report are interesting and revealing.

Mr. Baruch is obviously a hero to Mr. White, and some of the author's strictures on the New Dealers who turned a



W. L. White

### MARTIN LUTHER HIS LIFE AND WORK

*By Hartmann Grisar, S. J.  
Adapted from the Second German Edition*

By Frank J. Eble, M. A.

This biography of Martin Luther is an independent study of the facts and not a product of theological prepossession. It is a calm, authentic biography of a delicate subject, based on unimpeachable sources and a lucid presentation of the development of Luther, of his mental constitution, and of the impulses which moved him throughout his life. The main object of the study is to answer, as comprehensively as possible, the question: what happened in the great upheaval of the sixteenth century, and how is the responsible author of the struggle to be judged in his interior and exterior life? \$4.75

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### THE ODYSSEY OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER

By Theodore Maynard

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cold shoulder to Baruch will probably be resented in some quarters. The book is written with zest and spiced with anecdotes that highlight the character of the man whose great abilities earned him the name of "Mr. Fixit."

There are a couple of minor inaccuracies that should be corrected. Mr. White states that Baruch founded the Texas Gulf Sulphur Company. Baruch made a financial killing in the stock of this company by purchasing shares in the stock market, but the company was founded by the late William Boyce Thompson, a mining and financial genius. Also Newmont Mining is misspelled Neumont. Mr. White, who is the author of such best sellers as *They Were Expendable* and *Land of Milk and Honey*, has given us a fascinating portrait of a remarkable man.

DOYLE HENNESSY

### HOW TO WIN AN ARGUMENT WITH A COMMUNIST

By Ray W. Sherman. 251 pages.  
E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc. \$2.50



R. W. Sherman

Communism offers us a Utopia, and Mr. Sherman tells us about Utopias. He traces the earliest dreams of men about a happy land, a heaven on earth, free from poverty and strife, a land of one for all and all for one. Avalon, the Happy Isles, Atlantis were all dreams before Plato wrote his idealized *Republic*. In the sixteenth century St. Thomas More called his own plan "Utopia" meaning "No Place." The third great plan was the one which plagues us today, one which Mr. Sherman calls "Happiness Through Hate," created by those "Apostles of Destruction"—Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels.

America has had Utopian plans and experiments on its own soil. The author sketches the Plymouth Colony, the work of Fourier and Brooks Farm, the Shakers, Oneida, New Harmony, and many other schemes which have played out the Communist formula before our eyes. All have been shipwrecked on the hard rocks of reality and human nature, on the essential issues of human rights and freedoms—and especially the right of private property.

Marxian Communism is also a delusion and a dream, but it can tempt mankind when times are hard and when thinking becomes confused. Mr. Sherman has recalled some useful facts about Utopias and has marshaled some practical considerations in regard to Communism. A feature of his book is the full text of Marx and Engel's long and tiresome *Communist Manifesto* and an analysis of that violent document. *How to Win an Argument* has a popular style which occasionally brings history very

THE SIGN

much to life. Something more substantial than this book, however, would be necessary for any serious assault on the Communist ramparts.

HASTINGS BLAKE.

### WHY WAR CAME IN KOREA

Robert T. Oliver. 260 pages.  
Declan X. McMullen Co. \$2.95

Dr. Oliver, a former teacher at the University of Seoul and one-time employee of the South Korean regime, has written an eloquent statement of the case for South Korea in the tragic conflict now embroiling the world. His account is all the more sympathetic since he speaks as a friend and adviser to Syngman Rhee, the Republic's President.

A trained newspaperman, Dr. Oliver's chief concern is to present in simple terms the causes of the war. He finds six: (1) Russia's long-term interest in the peninsula; (2) Korea's strategic geographic position; (3) the military strength of North Korea; (4) the military weakness of the South; (5) United States policy writing off Korea; and (6) the success of democracy in South Korea. He documents these reasons with an expert's touch and out of his own experience on the scene. Dr. Oliver feels, as do many others, that our Asian policies have been superficial and short-sighted, and he cites the Yalta and Potsdam agreements as prime examples. In his indictment Dr. Oliver is frankly partisan, and hence he tends to make the State Department much more of a whipping boy than seems justified to other foreign policy critics at this time.

As to Korea itself, he sketches in its historical, economic, and political background with facts that are necessary to a well-informed understanding of the grave problems which the United States and the United Nations have shouldered there. These facts, so vital to our welfare in the days ahead, should not be neglected, and it is to Dr. Oliver's credit that he has amassed them so skillfully and presented them so cogently.

ALDEN WHITMAN.

### THE CROWN AND THE CROSS

By Theodore Maynard. 292 pages.  
McGraw-Hill. \$1.50

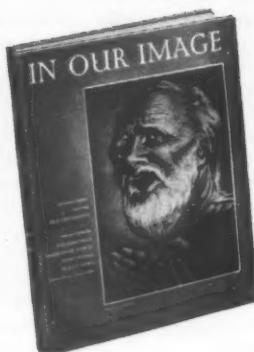
Fascinated, like his friend and precursor Hilaire Belloc, by the tragic mystery of *How the Reformation Happened* — especially its devious progress from schism to heresy in England—Dr. Maynard follows up his recent study of *Henry VIII* with this life of the king's vicar general and evil genius, Thomas Cromwell. The story of the obscurely born lay adventurer, who climbed to power by achieving Henry's marriage with Anne Boleyn and fell to

T. Maynard



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disgrace and death by engineering his marriage with Anne of Cleves, is almost incredible. Cromwell had learned much from his earlier master, the not too scrupulous Wolsey, but by the time he won his ascendancy over the King he had become what Theodore Maynard well calls "the first of the great English Machiavellians," a man of charm and finesse and "coldly inhuman competence," with a cynical indifference to all religion, and political ideals of a spiritual and temporal totalitarianism resembling the Turkish sultanate. No one, of course, could have been more dangerous to Henry, always the timid thinker, pious but cruel, and self-willed to the point of megalomania; so it is scarcely surprising to learn that Cromwell was chiefly responsible not only for the suppression and loot of the monasteries but also for the epoch-making Act of Supremacy.

The book is an absolutely first-rate biography of a man whom his fellow mortals have preferred to forget. In the opinion of the present reviewer it is a finer book than its predecessor, because it gives a more unified picture of its intricate subject and a more dramatic one of his intricate times.

KATHERINE BRÉGY.

## THE GENTLEMAN AND THE JEW

By Maurice Samuel. 325 pages.  
Alfred Knopf, Inc. \$3.75

The gentleman is the ideal man of Western culture. He is an amoral, combative, competitive individualist. Despite a gloss of courage and charming manners, at heart he is "a killer." Corporately, Western nations have no higher ideal.

First enamored by the brilliance of Western culture, then disillusioned, the author re-examines and returns to the faith of his fathers. He finds the essence of Jewishness to consist in that moral illumination so characteristic of the prophets, whose glory it was to glimpse goodness as self-subsistent and lovable for its own sake. The Jews are "a peculiar people," not only because their God-given tradition imposes this personal morality but also binds the nation to the realization of the same ideals.

Clarity of style, deep insight, and refreshing candor in discussing certain problems of our agonizing civilization make the book inviting. But incomplete analyses lead the author to sweeping generalization and many faulty conclusions, despite his frequently deft unmasking of the secular man.

He does not believe in miracles. Although awesomely "ungraspable," Christ, for him, is only human. He ignores the supernatural kingdom of God established by Christ and proceeds to find the kingdom foretold by the prophets in a kingdom of this world in which

the nation is faithful to and guided by the prophetic moral ideals. He candidly appraises current Zionist efforts in the light of this standard.

Despite the author's apparent honesty and noble idealism, it must sadly be said that a pantheist could have written as much. One wishes such a keen and honest mind had fought itself freer of its former "rationalism."

GERARD ROONEY, C.P.

## CATHOLIC SOCIAL PRINCIPLES

John F. Cronin. 803 pages.  
Bruce Publishing Co. \$6.00



J. F. CRONIN

Recent Popes have repeatedly urged Catholics, both clergy and laity, to study the social question, and to work out programs for the solution of social, economic, and political problems in the light of the traditional teaching of the Church. For a long time the need has been felt for a book in which would be assembled all the pertinent authoritative texts on that teaching with an explanation in terms of ethics and moral theology and with an application to present conditions.

This latest excellent work by Father Cronin attempts to fill that need. The author is well qualified by training and experience to produce such a work.

The book is divided into three parts. Part I—the Christian Social Order—discusses the nature of the social question, the Church and the Social Problem with a discussion of false social philosophies. Part II—Social Principles in Economic Life—treats of the rights and duties of capital, social problems of labor, the living wage and full employment, labor unions, property, the state in economic life, and the Church and social reform. Part III—American Catholic Social Thought—presents and evaluates some schools of social thought among American Catholics.

One of the decided merits of the work is the practice of opening each chapter of the first two sections with quotations from Papal documents dealing with subjects covered in the chapter.

One cannot say too much in praise of the work. It should be in the library of every teacher and worker in the field of social action and, indeed, of every intelligent Catholic whose aim it is to think with the mind of the Church.

DORIS DUFFY BOYLE, PH.D.

## THE HUMAN USE OF HUMAN BEINGS

By Norbert Wiener. 241 pages.  
Houghton, Mifflin Co. \$3.00

On page 216 Dr. Wiener aligns himself clearly with those men of science who are trying to urge upon the public an awareness of the dangers attendant on

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the new scientific era, but by that time he has so tired the sun with talking that it is hard to do more than utter a polite "Oh?" Information is his deity, its pursuit and dispersion his hobby, and so the reader is given the benefits of forty years of academic work whether he will or no.

The display is not without interest. Dr. Wiener is primarily a communications engineer—telegraphy and all that—and it is good to learn from him something of the recent developments in the field of computation machines, even though one must take the dose under the label "cybernetics." Such is the name given by the M.I.T. professor to the study of "communication and control in the animal and the machine."

What it actually consists in is the presentation of man as a highly complicated machine, distinct from and higher than other organisms by reason of his ability to communicate through speech. One strives in vain to discover in Wiener's scientism any compelling motives for human behavior at its highest and best.

Entropy and navigation, patent law and the high school curriculum are all dealt with in a spirit unmarked by doubt. Jesuits are ruthless as Communists, and bishops are worst of all, making one wonder how the geneticists and sociologists will appreciate their sections.

GERARD S. SLOYAN

### SHORT NOTICES

**MARY GORETTI, THE CINDERELLA SAINT.** By Kenan Carey, C.P. 32 pages. The Paulist Press, 10¢. Cinderella is a wonderful story, but it isn't true. *The Cinderella Saint* is a wonderful story, and every word of it is true. It is the life of St. Mary Goretti whose canonization last June broke many precedents in the long history of canonizations.

In the thirty-two pages of this latest pamphlet-size life of Mary Goretti, Father Carey writes the story of her eleven short years. But more important, he has captured the romance of the love of God in the hearts of His saints and pictured the beauty of that romance in the Cinderella story of Mary Goretti.

The clear, graphic prose introduces the reader into the soul of the little martyr and fosters an appreciative understanding of her life, and especially her death.

**SAINT MARIA GORETTI.** By Marie Buehrle. 164 pages. Bruce Publishing Co. \$2.50. Perhaps the essential significance of the 1950 canonization of this Italian girl, who died in 1902, derives from the fact that the Pope bestowed sainthood upon one who had the courage to die for a moral principle. Here, literally, is a parable for our times in the martyrdom of a twelve-year-old child whose solid indoctrination in Christian precepts gave her a vision and a plan for action which world statesmen and all of the rest of us need to study and emulate.

Moreover, her biography, through the narrative of the principal characters, illus-

brates the strength and the power of the virtues of faith, hope, and charity—the only truly realistic and effective weapons against Communism, had we merely the fundamental Christianity to acknowledge and to practice them.

Christ's way of life and death is here: moral leadership and example, forgiveness, atonement, reparation. And there is ironic contrast to our materialistic civilization in this story of a child who was born "as having nothing," but whose eternal life began as "yet possessing all things."

**THE GOOD DUCHESS JOAN OF FRANCE.** By Ann M. C. Forster. 177 pages. P. J. Kenedy & Sons. \$2.50. Since in November, we are told, the Assumption will be proclaimed as dogma, there is particular point in noting any relationships between the lives of the newly canonized and that of the Blessed Virgin.

St. Maria Goretti had profound devotion to Mary, and the fifteenth-century French Duchess of Berry, St. Joan, was co-founder of an order whose Rule is based upon the ten virtues or ten perfections of Mary, and whose sole aim is that of giving honor and glory to Almighty God through an imitation of the life of Mary. His most perfect of creatures.

From this French provincial ruler we can learn, too, that political and economic peace is a "matter, not of diplomacy and scheming, but of the conversion of hearts to God."

**CHAMPION OF CHURCH AND POPE.** By Aloysius McDonough, C.P., 64 pages. The Sign Press, 10¢. *Champion of Church and Pope* is a brief biography of St. Vincent Mary Strambi, the Passionist bishop of the eighteenth century. That he rightly merits this description, Father McDonough shows by high-lighting his career especially during the troubled years when the Papacy was sorely tried by Napoleon. St. Vincent served the Church admirably, not only in the administration of his diocese of Macerata and Tolentino and in suffering the hardships of exile rather than fail in his allegiance to the Holy See, but also in offering his own life that Leo XII might be cured and spared to rule the Church. This sacrifice was accepted by Almighty God who rewarded him eternally on January 1, 1824.

Through a preface by the Most Rev. James H. Griffith and a brief introduction by the author, the significance of St. Vincent Mary Strambi to our times and people is brought into focus so that his greatness may be appreciated and the lessons of his life made more practical.

#### REVIEWERS

HASTINGS BLAKE is a teacher in the Midletown Collegiate Center.

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### FRIENDS OVERSEAS

(Continued from page 37)

and baby on \$120 a month helping with sympathy, letters, and packages sent at a sacrifice to an aging French couple. Such compassion is seldom found in one so young. Surely little Michael, his father and mother, and his brother-or-sister-to-be will be richly rewarded.

Then there are the Dugans of New York who helped the family of a physician who had seen far better days: "Dear Mrs. Dugan," the physician's wife wrote, "You can scarcely imagine our joy when the clothing arrived. It seems to us like a miracle of God when we consider that you, dear Mrs. Dugan, miles distant from us, are our help. Something exceedingly precious has been restored to us by you—the belief in human beings. We owe to you, dear Mrs. Dugan, so immeasurably much. You have given us glad times and have lifted so much worry from our hearts. The coffee you sent is for my husband, who will use it as a heart stimulant. Everything is precious to us. . . . We are convinced that the Lord God will bestow on you and your family many blessings." . . .

And there is Father A. J. MacDonald of St. Philip's Church in Highland, Wisconsin, who wrote asking for names, to the subsequent delight of five Italian families. . . .

And a lady in Salisbury, Missouri, who adopted the Ghilardi Family in Rome—the family consisting of a widowed mother and three children, all weakened and ill from privation. "To cry and be happy at the same time," the widowed mother wrote, "is something that rarely occurs—so rarely that it is felt only when a miracle is received from God and when one finds a heart as noble as yours."

The files are filling fast with happy contacts made—but the agency in Europe which supplies names of deserving families still awaits more generous-hearted Americans.

And these are only the foreign letters sent in for translation to N.C.C.W.! It's like listening in on a one-way telephone conversation, but one can judge the tone of the English-written replies. What of the letters written to U.S. families in English—and the ones that people can have translated at home?

Governments may quarrel; big brass may tangle with big brass—but with ordinary people getting to know other ordinary people, even though language, customs, and material status may differ—a world camaraderie is built up, first step toward peace.

Truly, there is someone waiting over there for you. His or her name is listed with N.C.C.W., at 1312 Massachusetts Ave., N. W., Washington 5, D. C.—and a penny postcard will bring that name to you in a few days.

Please order your books through The Sign

## BRASS CHECKS

(Continued from page 48)

sons now work. They walked across the street and took root. Someday a sociologist is going to study St. Veronica's parish. He'll come up with a picture of tightly woven community life, rare in rootless modern America.

In this kind of environment, customs and attitudes harden. The men have got along with the shape-up for a long time. Why give up an evil with which they've learned to live for probable unknown benefits?

Under the shape, a man gets work by "getting in" with the hiring boss. It is a personal thing. Indeed, longshoring in New York is a tangle of personal relationships. Relatively, the hiring hall looks pretty cold and impersonal.

To outsiders, the fact that Longshoreman Sweeney gets forty weeks of work a year and his neighbor only ten spells favoritism. To Sweeney it simply signifies his superior ability to "get in" with the boss. The hiring hall would spread the work, yes; but why should "strong" Sweeney support a plan that will give his "weak" neighbor benefits he has earned for himself?

What ACTU is striving to do, in the last analysis, is to show these men that their attitudes must be modified, that there is a point beyond which rugged individualism becomes mere selfishness and vainglory, destructive to individual and community.

New York harbor, handling 50 per cent of U. S. imports and exports, is a first line of defense, any break in which in time of war could bring national disaster. The Communists, of course, are alert to the setup. They haven't accomplished much in New York yet. They've provoked a few disturbances in Brooklyn, a street brawl in front of Joe Ryan's headquarters. At the moment they are "beering" some members of 895. So far the men have taken the beer, and let the ideology go. But there's no room for complacency. There is always the question of just how rotten the waterfront can get before it is soft to Communist infiltration. The "Harry Bridges" are not confined to the West Coast.

ACTU's growing and stabilizing influence on the ILA is a tribute to the self-sacrificing efforts of its members. Its work merits public support, especially that of the Catholic public. In the words of Father John M. Corridan, associate director of Xavier Labor School in Manhattan:

"The cause of the men on the docks . . . whose work means so much to our daily living, is a challenging call to all Christians. For these men are our brothers, redeemed in the precious blood of Christ, and one cannot rest secure if His dignity in them continues to be violated and outraged!"

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## AWAKENING IN MIDDLESEX

(Continued from page 43)

to the office. The sidewalk had seemed to keep running on ahead of her, mocking her. Mrs. Jennings had gone, and Mr. Maunck, the compositor. There was just the boy who came after school, sweeping out. "Mr. Burney!" she said tightly, trying to keep control of herself. "Where is he?"

The boy's eyes widened and he pointed to the back room.

He was there—miraculously, it seemed—wearing that horrid black apron the last owner had left, and an eyeshade pulled down across his forehead. He turned quickly and his eyes lighted. "Kay!" He looked good and sound and infinitely precious. And he loved her with a great, unshakable devotion!

"There's a waffle supper," she was saying shakily, running a finger across his sleeve. "At the church. And we both like waffles."

His glance went to the stick of type he was holding, ready for the melting pot. It was backwards, of course, but she could pick out the top letters: "Waffle Supper Friday. Church Basement. 50¢."

He grinned. "You've been scooped."

"I expect Mr. McComber will be there, don't you?" She persisted gently. "And if he is, it might be the perfect opportunity to talk turkey about that house he owns . . ."

He was staring at her, his face coming hopefully alive, but guarded yet, and waiting. His words were slow. "You mean it, Kay?"

She nodded, and kept nodding when the words just stuck in her throat—when he started to reach out for her and then remembered the ink on his arms and grinned foolishly.

He was through and washed in five minutes. It was when he was taking his hat from the front office that he turned and said, "Martha Jennings told me you were in earlier this afternoon, and I was tied up. Did you want something?"

"Just this," she said.

He was looking at her questioningly.

"This," she said again, emphasizing it lightly. "The date for supper."

And then she added quickly, before he could have time to wonder, "I left practically on Mrs. Jennings' heels. Figured it was an ink salesman who had you cornered. And I know how long-winded they can be."

It wasn't until they passed Emily Swint on the street, pushing a baby carriage, that she thought again about the web—and then only briefly, and from an entirely new angle: *It slips down around you so unexpectedly*, she thought, matching her stride to Julian's. *But if love does the spinning—somehow it gives it a different texture.*

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Write now to: DIRECTOR OF VOCATIONS,  
Sacred Heart Mission Seminary, Geneva, Illinois

## THE STOVE

(Continued from page 18)

"Martha wants to go too?"

"Eyah."

With a sudden pity Ellen noticed that he looked old and tired. He sat down and picked up a sandwich. His jaws working mechanically, he ate with melancholy deliberation. Ellen took one of the sandwiches and made a pretense of eating, but the bread tasted like cardboard in her mouth.

When he had finished eating, Mark filled his pipe: It took several attempts to light it. The matches broke in his fingers and the flames went out before he could get the tobacco aglow. When at last the pipe was drawing, he got up and walked wearily out of the room. Ellen heard him settle heavily into a chair on the porch.

For awhile she sat fumbling with trembling fingers at the tablecloth. All the anger was now drained from her and with it the energy that had buoyed her up. Uncertainly she followed him. She sat down beside him and looked pleadingly toward him. He averted her gaze and stared stonily into the darkness, the deep lines in his face etched deeper by the convulsive grip of his teeth upon the stem of his pipe.

Miserably Ellen repented of her outburst. Gladly she would have resigned herself to cooking for the rest of her life on the old stove if she could have erased the stricken look from his face.

In a moment he turned toward her. She dropped her eyes before his gaze. It was hard to face him when he was his usual domineering self, but when he was beaten it was impossible.

He hesitated for words. "I didn't know you was so set on that new stove. I guess we can stand getting a new one if . . ."

She wanted to reach out toward him in some gesture that would transcend words, to offer the reassuring caress that would take the place of words that neither of them knew how to find, but it was so long since he had permitted her any demonstration of tenderness that she could not.

"I called up and ordered it this afternoon," she confessed.

He nodded. "I guess . . ." he faltered and then tried again. "I don't want you to think I don't appreciate . . ." Humbly he sought her understanding.

Briskly she got up out of her chair. "I'll run across next door and heat up some water to make you some tea," she announced.

In a few minutes, she returned with a tray with the steaming pot of tea on it. Gratefully they drank the hot stimulating brew, and then they sat in quiet companionship, not speaking but understanding and forgiving.

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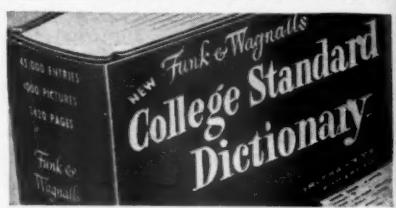
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